

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1860, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 242—Vol. X.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1860.

[PRICE 6 CENTS.]

Be Careful to Open this Paper before Cutting It.

What more can be Wanted to Prove the Immense and
Wide-Spread Circulation of

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER?

READ THE FOLLOWING:

We have found great benefit from our advertising in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, and have no hesitation in pronouncing it to be one of the most effective means of reaching our customers in all parts of the United States and Canada.

H. C. SPALDING & CO.,

June 2, 1860.

48 Cedar Street, New York.

THE WALTON AND MATTHEWS TRAGEDY.

On Saturday night, the 30th of June, about half-past eleven, in the vicinity of Eighteenth street and Third avenue, two murders were committed within a few minutes of each other by one and the same man, and strange to add, the victims were strangers to each other, although the second murder grew out of the first.

Since the Bordell mystery, New York has never been more interested in a crime, owing to the wealth and social standing of the chief party murdered, and the unhappy family history attached to

him, and those suspected of being concerned in the deed. The facts are briefly these:

Mr. Walton and his Family.

Mr. John Walton is the well-known and wealthy brewer and distiller of the firm of Lang & Walton, and a native of England. About five years ago his wife died, leaving him with two daughters, now aged sixteen and eight years. About two years ago he made the acquaintance of a widow then named Russell, although she had passed through a series of nominal transmigrations, some of which she kept in the dark. The account she gave to Mr. Walton was that she had been twice a widow, her first husband being Colonel Jefferds, by whom she had two sons; Charles, now aged twenty-three, and Edwin, nineteen. Her second husband was Captain Russell, by whom she had another son named Frank, whose age now is about twelve. As she was a handsome, intellectual woman, and Mr. Walton, doubtless, pined for female society, he offered her his hand and heart, and Mrs. Russell became Mrs. Walton. At the time of her marriage Mrs. Russell kept a boarding-house in Clinton place, and was well off in the world's goods, owning the house she lived in. It is said she was a particular friend of the late Postmaster Fowler, who had bestowed on her son Charles an appointment in the Post Office. Upon her marriage with Mr. Walton, who was, as we have said, a man of large wealth, she broke up her boarding-house and went to control the domestic establishment of her new husband in Twenty-third street. At the time of the marriage Charles, her eldest son, had a situation in the Post Office, and Edwin was being educated in Switzerland; but within a very short time Charles lost his situation for inattention to his duties, and Edwin returned to America. Both these young men were received by Mr. Walton as part of his family. We must not forget to add that Mrs. Walton informed Mr. Walton, at the time of

their marriage, that she had adopted her sister's child, a little girl of about two years old.

Their Disagreements.

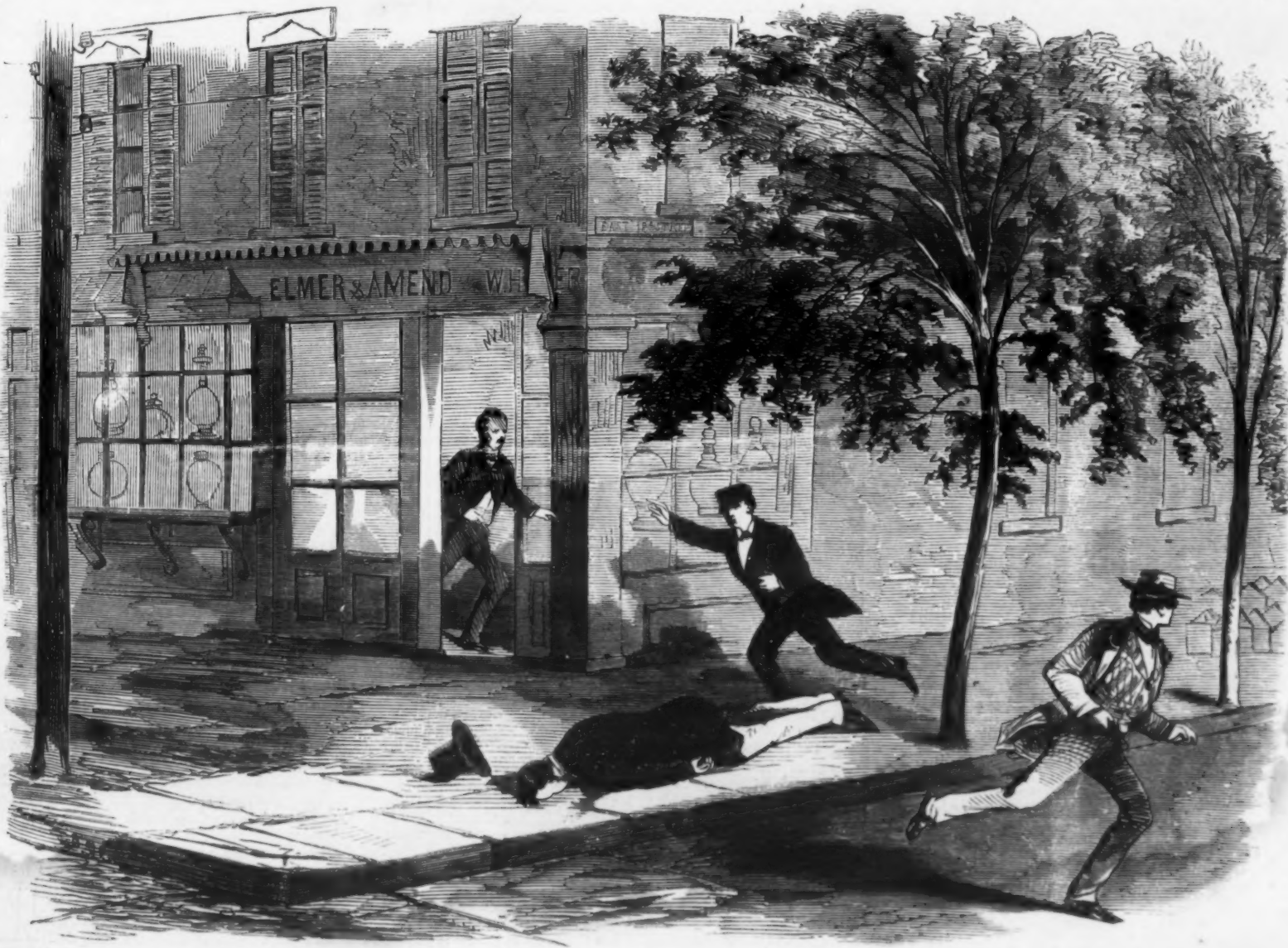
After a few months Mr. Walton found that his nuptial couch was not altogether a bed of roses, for the two eldest sons of his bride were disobedient and irregular, with a strong tendency to bring equivocal ladies and gentlemen into his house after he had retired for the night. Mr. Walton also discovered that his wife had had a husband more than she owned up to—a Colonel Morrison, to whom she had been married and divorced from, and a certain Mr. Yelverton, a wealthy grocer, to whom she had not been married, but who was the father of the little girl, who, instead of being an adopted niece, was Mrs. Walton's own child. To make all this the more piquant and unpleasant, the unhappy husband discovered that even then she continued her acquaintance with Mr. Yelverton, and very frequently saw him.

Mr. Walton also suffered from his wife's violent temper. She would threaten him, and it is said that her two eldest sons indulged in still plainer threats. Our readers may also understand that the difficulties were naturally much increased in this household by Mr. Walton's mother, who, it appears, abused even a mother-in-law's privilege of making mischief. The second act thus leaves the doomed household of the Waltons a sort of miniature Pandemonium.

Unable any longer to endure the dissensions of the elder Jefferds, Mr. Walton requested his wife to tell her eldest son to find another home. Mother-like, she was naturally more attached to her own son than a fourth husband, and she refused.

He Separates from Them, and takes Measures for a Divorce.

The domestic war becoming more furious, Mr. Walton, unable to endure it any longer, left the house, and took up his abode over



HORRIBLE ASSASSINATION OF JOHN WALTON, A WEALTHY DISTILLER, IN EIGHTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK, ON THE NIGHT OF THE 30TH OF JUNE

a store he has in Twenty-fifth street—Mrs. Walton and her boys remaining in Twenty-third street. He then consulted his lawyers, and took measures to secure a divorce, having got sufficient evidence for that purpose.

On the 1st of May, having let the house in which his wife and youngest son still resided to a Mr. Williams, he took rooms for them at Dr. Slade's, Mr. Walton paying their board.

It would seem that either Mr. Walton was of a very timid nature, or that he knew more than he said, for since his separation from his wife he had repeatedly declared to his intimate friends that he knew his stepsons would kill him; and at last, as though the coming event threw his shadow before, he had made a practice of always being accompanied by his clerk, Mr. Pascoli, who was also a cousin of his. During the last few days of his life Mr. Walton had seemed prophetically aware that the crisis was at hand, and the very day he was murdered he had been to his lawyer urging a speedy prosecution of the divorce, as he never should feel safe till that was accomplished. We may instance as a proof of Mrs. Walton's violent and unscrupulous behavior, that, after her leaving Twenty-third street, and when the house was occupied by the new tenant, Mr. Williams, she went to the premises one day, and, upon being refused admission, she hired three men to break open the door, and, upon thus gaining admission, she commenced to smash some of the furniture. For this outrage Mr. Williams had her arrested, and held to bail.

The Night of the Murder.

On the evening of the murder, Saturday, affairs stood thus: Mr. Walton was to sign the papers to secure his divorce on the Monday, which would for ever place his property out of the reach of his wife. His stepsons were irritated and vindictive, and he himself walking about after dark with a "body guard of one," to protect himself from a fate which the result has proved was not to be pushed aside. As Louis Napoleon says, "The destiny of man is a fixed fact from his cradle—it is not to be evaded. It is as inseparable as his shadow." It is remarkable that Mr. Walton met his doom on the very threshold of the time when he was to sign a document destructive to the welfare of his wife. Had Burdell lived till the next morning he would have signed the lease which took the house from Mrs. Burdell Cunningham; and had Mr. Walton lived till Monday he would have placed his property out of his wife's power. These coincidences may be accidental, but they are still remarkable.

It seems that Mr. Walton was in the habit of going to his distillery in Eighteenth street every Thursday and Saturday, and receiving the proceeds of the day, being accompanied by his clerk, Pascoli. On the evening of the 30th they left the distillery about half-past eleven, and proceeded towards the Third avenue, on their way to their residence, 93 and 95 West Twenty-fifth street.

The Double Murder.

Near the corner of Third avenue, the attention of Mr. Pascoli and himself was attracted by a man dressed in light clothes and wearing a straw hat, who leaned against a tree, but as no attack was anticipated, they passed close to him. Scarcely, however, had they gone three steps beyond, when the stranger stepped quickly up to Mr. Walton and discharged a pistol at his head. The ball entered behind his left ear, and he sank to the pavement without uttering a word. Pascoli, whom the report of the pistol had somewhat stunned, upon recovering from his fright, called "Murder," and started in pursuit of the assassin, who had crossed the street, and was running in the direction of Irving place. A number of persons, among whom were two policemen, responded to the call for assistance, and joined in the chase of the murderer. Among them was Mr. Matthews, who, with anther man, had so far gained upon the fugitive as to have almost overtaken him by the time he had reached the corner of Sixteenth street and Irving place. At that point the man turned upon his pursuers and fired. Mr. Matthews immediately fell, exclaiming, "I'm a dead man!" having received the ball in his chest. The confusion occasioned by the occurrence diverted the attention of the crowd from the murderer for an instant, and afterwards no trace of his course was obtained. Mr. Matthews was immediately removed to a drug store at the corner of Sixteenth street and Third avenue, but died in the arms of the men who were carrying him thither. Meantime Mr. Walton had been taken to the druggist's at the corner of Eighteenth street, where measures were adopted to restore him to consciousness. He never revived sufficiently to speak, however, and was taken thence to Bellevue Hospital. There he lingered for several hours, perfectly insensible, and died early next morning.

The Fatal Wounds.

Drs. W. and J. Beach and C. Waitie made a post mortem examination of the body of Mr. Matthews, and found that the slug had entered the right breast, and passing through the left lobe of the liver, penetrated the spine, where it lodged and was found. Internal hemorrhage, the result of this wound, was the cause of death. Dr. Eugene Peignot, of the Bellevue Hospital, made a post mortem examination of the body of Mr. Walton, and found that the slug entered the head just behind the left ear, and lodged at the base of the brain, where it was found. The injuries thus received were the cause of death.

John Watts Matthews.

who thus met his death in attempting to secure a murderer, was a well-known railroad contractor, and lived 91 Union place. He had been that day on a picnic with his sisters and some friends, and was on his way to his home, when he heard the cry of murder and seeing a man running, he joined in the pursuit. As we have already related, Mr. Matthews was aged thirty-four and unmarried.

The Inquest.

was commenced on Sunday. At the first sitting the cousin, Pascoli, who was with Mr. Walton at the time he was shot, was examined. We have embodied his testimony in our narration. It was very evident that he had a strong animus against Mrs. Walton and her two eldest sons.

Mr. Walton's brother testified to the trouble his brother had experienced since his marriage, and also to the fear he had of being assaulted. Mrs. Walton was likewise examined. She gave her evidence in a very straightforward manner, and exhibited great grief at her husband's untimely end. She deposed that she had not seen her son Charles for eight days, a fact afterwards confirmed by him. A few other unimportant witnesses were examined, when the inquest was adjourned to the 5th.

Surrender of Charles and Edwin Jeffers.

On Monday the youngest son called at the station-house, and voluntarily gave himself up, denying all knowledge of the act. On Tuesday evening Charles also surrendered himself. His account is very simple. He says that he has been for the last few weeks staying at Mr. Betts's, Catehogue, Long Island; that on Thursday last he came to New York with Mr. Betts to see the Great Eastern, and put up at the Union Hotel, Brooklyn; that on Tuesday, meeting with Betts at the Union Hotel, he consulted with him as to what was best to be done. Mr. Betts counselled his surrendering himself, which he resolved to do. He thereupon came with Mr. Betts to New York and called upon Justice Osborne, late at night. He frankly told the Justice that he had come to deliver himself up. With a strange reliance on the young man's honor, he told him to present himself at the station-house the next morning, which Charles Jeffers did, sleeping that night at the Lafarge House, under the assumed name of Charles Jackson. He denies all complicity in the crime, and gives an account of his whereabouts on the night in question. This, of course, must be supported by evidence. Our artist has given an exact picture of the spot where Walton was murdered, namely corner of Eighteenth street and Third avenue, and also where Matthews was shot, corner of Sixteenth street and Irving place.

Adjourned Inquest.

The inquest was renewed on the 5th before Coroner Jackson and a very intelligent jury. The surrender of the two stepsons had created considerable interest, as their conduct had considerably alarmed the suspicion that had existed in the public mind. The principal witnesses examined, Carl Sandford, who saw the murderer shoot Matthews—both Charles and Edwin Jeffers were shown to him, but he failed to recognize either.

Charles Jeffers was placed on the witness stand, but in accordance with the instructions of his legal advisers, Oakley Hall and James Brady, declined to answer, as the Coroner very frankly informed him he was accused of the crime. Mary Walton, the daughter of the deceased, was also questioned. She is a pretty-looking girl about sixteen, she merely testified to the fact she used to be acquainted with her father, but as these were in minutes of excitement, too much stress should not be laid upon them.

The mother of Mr. Walton testified to the same purport. She evidently has a strong prejudice against the eldest of the stepsons. It would seem from her evidence on the cause of quarrel that Mr. Walton was apt to interfere in the amusements of his wife, since he objected to her going for a sleigh ride with her own son. The inquest was then adjourned till the 10th July.

In our next we shall give some further interesting sketches.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM—GRAND DRAMATIC REOPENING.
NEW AND POPULAR COMPANY OF COMEDIANS.
Every Afternoon at 3, and Evening at 7½ o'clock.
Also, the GRAND AQUARIA, or Ocean and River Gardens; Living Serpents, Happy Family, &c., &c.
Admission to everything, 25 cents. Parquette, 15 cents extra. Children under ten years, 15 cents; and to the Parquette, 10 cents extra.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, JULY 14, 1860.

All Communications, Books for Review, &c., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square, New York.

TERMS FOR THIS PAPER.

One Copy.....	17 weeks.....	\$ 1
One do.....	1 year.....	\$ 3
Two do.....	1 year.....	\$ 5
Or One Copy.....	2 years.....	\$ 8
Three Copies.....	1 year.....	\$ 6
Five do.....	1 year.....	\$10

And an extra Copy to the person sending a Club of Five. Every additional subscription, 5¢.

Foreign News.

By the Parana we have news to the 27th June. The Sicilian Government was organizing rapidly. Garibaldi had despatched an envoy to Turin. Col. Medici, with three thousand picked volunteers, had arrived at Palermo. The Neapolitan forces were concentrating at Messina, but the army was very disaffected, and numerous desertions were taking place. It was the intention of Garibaldi to march upon Messina—when he had taken that city he would cross over to Naples. In consequence of the demand made by the Sardinian and British Governments, the King of Naples had decided to give up the two steamers which one of his frigates had captured with men, arms and ammunition for Garibaldi. As one of these vessels was under the American flag, the American Consul had demanded, in addition to the restitution, apology and indemnity.

The London Times states as a certainty, that Bomba had despatched a band of bravos to assassinate Garibaldi. This will at once put the monster out of the category of even Cardinal Antonelli and the Emperor of Austria.

Palermo had been entirely cleared of Neapolitan troops, and the royal fleet had sailed from the harbor.

The Baden Conference was much commented on. The Prince Regent of Prussia insisted upon the Duke of Saxe Gotha being present at the interview between Louis Napoleon and the German Princes, in order that the Duke, from his intimate connection with the English Royal Family, might bear witness to all that took place.

The Queen reviewed the Rifle Volunteers on the 23d. It was supposed that from thirty to thirty-five thousand men were present. On the 2d July, she would commence the grand prize review by firing a rifle herself at the target.

The Prince of Wales was to sail for America on the 11th July in the war steamer St. George.

Lord John Russell had made a speech in the House of Commons, in which he again complained of the underhand proceedings of the French Government in the recent annexations.

Jerome Bonaparte was dead.

Lamorieiere, the commander of the Papal forces, had issued a proclamation, announcing that the moment for marching against the enemy had arrived.

There had been a disturbance in Turkey, and the dragoman of the Austrian Embassy had been murdered.

The Malabar steamer, in which Earl of Elgin and Baron Gros, the English and French Ambassadors to China, were embarked, had been shipwrecked in the Harbor de Galle, in Ceylon. They lost their bullion, and even their credentials. This would delay them for a month. The Chinese are making great preparations to resist.

Peter's Pence; or, Money on Hughes-ury.

THAT straightforward prelate, Cross John, has been preaching a sermon, recommending the faithful to give their money to him for the Pope. We must confess that the Archbishop's reasons were about as plentiful and as illogical as blackberries, and, despite his saccharine and honied words, we doubt if they will keep. Unfortunately, the Archbishop gave his pros and cons, and never did ecclesiastical ostrich more thoroughly put his head into the ivy bush and fancy his whole body hid, than did the redoubtable John in his famous sermon of the 1st of July. It was certainly refreshing on so warm a day to hear such a cool exposition of startling and impudent falsehoods as were then and there served out, like ice-cream at Delmonico's, to cool the parched gullets of the faithful.

Since the days of Jack the Giant-Killer and Gulliver, there has been nothing so original in its design and gorgeous in its execution as Cross John's eulogium on Cardinal Antonelli and Bombalino of Vesuvius. The astronomical heresy indulged in by little boys of a measly and cutting teeth age, that the moon is made of green cheese, or that the dish ran away with the spoon, or the cow jumped over the lamp of night—Cynthia, in point of fact—were all "nowheres" by the side of the Archbishop's fancy sketches of the Arcades Ambo of Naples and Rome.

The great misfortune is that, outside of the Archbishop's circle, nobody agrees with him. It is not impossible that the world is a lunatic asylum and his congregation the only sane assemblage, but, unluckily, the numbers are so fearfully against him that, with all his faith in his own truth, he is, by the mere force of arithmetic, placed in the straight waistcoat of public opinion, and presents the melancholy spectacle of a kind man struggling with the growing indignation of the world.

If it were possible to be serious on such a burlesque as a panegyric upon men who shot down innocent women and children at Perugia, and threw whole families into the flames at Palermo; of men whose daily life is one appalling routine of cold-blooded torture, who spare neither age nor sex, and whose presence

upon the earth is a foul outrage upon the human shape; we should warn the sacerdotal eulogist of these crimes, that he is creating a party in this country dangerous to that liberty of speech which he so flagrantly abuses. Surely his hearers are not so ignorant as not to know that every one who contributes to this papal fund is the aider, abettor, encourager and participator in the murder of innocent women and children.

Coroners' Inquests.

In New York, coroners' inquests, after having spent considerable time and money in investigating the question before them, have generally produced an abortion, being afraid to speak the truth, sometimes through fear and sometimes through favor. We have seen melancholy instances of this fact where numerous persons have been burnt alive, simply because the men who own these tenement-houses are wealthy and influential, while the sufferers are poor and friendless. It is a hard thing to say, that in few countries are the poor so contemptuously treated as they are in that boasted Republic whose corner-stone is "equality."

To use a common phrase, it would seem as though a coroner's jury were "afraid to call it's own!"

The miserable parsimony of a wealthy ferry company results in the drowning of several persons; the evidence clearly proves that had there been a light, a ladder, or some cork floats, the victims might have been saved. All that the coroner's inquest ventures to say is a feeble, half apologetic, trembling recommendation to the millionaire murderers to have a rope or a light ready for the next accident.

It was, therefore, with considerable pleasure that we read the following verdict upon the conduct of Captain Miller, of the Bay City steamer, who suffered thirty poor wretches to drown before his eyes without making any effort to save them. It is a verdict which reflects honor upon the citizens of Cairo, Missa.

We, the jury, find that the deceased came to her death by being drowned, after the explosion and burning of the steamer Ben Lewis, this morning, about one o'clock, in the Mississippi River, within sight of Cairo; that we find no cause to censure the officers or crew of the Ben Lewis; that we believe that the steamer Bay City, which was then lying at our landing with steam up, might have saved nearly, or quite, all of the lives that were lost, including the life of the deceased, if her captain had started her out; and that we have no words sufficiently strong to express our contempt and abhorrence of Captain Miller of the Bay City, who exhibited a degree of inhumanity that we have never seen equalled.

Brown Stone—in Wood!

At the corner of a certain street and a certain avenue in this city stands a very pretty Gothic church—that is to say, very pretty so far as the main body of the building is concerned—the spires being one of those miserable efforts at artistic falsehood very common in this country, in which a feeble attempt has been made to imitate stone by painted wood. It seems incredible that this "shingle palace" style of architecture, this paltry snobishness of taste, should ever have admirers enough to be carried out even in a flashy "Emporium" or "Mart of Fashion," but that a church should be a sham of cracked wood is indeed intolerable. A church is a building which should be, of all others, in every respect substantial and honest. If a congregation cannot afford a splendid building, let them erect an inexpensive and plain one, but they should never yield to the vulgar folly of getting up cheap finery, and of aping in perishable material those ornaments which should be executed in stone alone. There are laws of right and wrong, of propriety and impropriety in matters of art which cultivated and appreciative minds regard as being as well worthy of respect as even those of ethics. One thing is at least certain, that a sincere tendency to do what is really right is shown in an intuitive hatred of shams of every description, be they architectural, moral or social.

The result of the wooden spires and timber tracery in question, which always looked shabby-genteel in their best days, has been decay, not unaccompanied with danger. At present one spire is being taken down. How much better would it have been if those concerned in putting up these ridiculous masses of stick and lath had followed the example set by the neat church of "All Souls," profanely known as the "Zebra," and which, despite its nickname, is at least radically sound as a historical architectural truth. In this building, the money not being ready to finish the campanile or belfry, those concerned, instead of erecting a gorgeous edifice of pine sticks, have wisely concluded to wait their time, and thereby show their wisdom.

The great error which is, however, most frequent in this country, is the confounding in building, and in all art, of the ideas of expense and taste. It is not generally felt that when classical models are closely followed—and whatever is a first-class exponent of any period of art is classical—something which is in good taste is sure to result. A sixpenny engraving, a cheap vase may indicate more taste and refinement in selections than many persons display in collecting vast galleries; and a little country church of rough stone often affords more gratification to the cultivated mind than is produced by the great majority of city cathedrals. There is hardly a house on the Fifth avenue whose front might not, at the same expense incurred, have been designed in a manner which would have made an impression of admiration on the educated connoisseur, and it is always possible for a church to cut its coat according to its cloth, and yet have a seemly and befitting garment, if it knows how.

The White Feather Again.

Our readers will no doubt remember the hearty national endorsement given to the capture of the two piratical steamers by Commodore Turner on the 6th of March off Vera Cruz. The circumstances were briefly these. During the siege of Vera Cruz two steamers approached one night with reinforcements for the Miramonte party, in opposition to Juarez, with whom we had entered into a solemn treaty. As these vessels did not show any colors, Commander Turner of the Saratoga sent Lieutenant Bryan of the Preble to ascertain their nationality. Instead of answering the question they fired into the Indianola and Wave, two American vessels, killing one man and wounding several others. An engagement ensued, which ended in the capture of the piratical vessels, which proved to be the Mexican steamer the General Miramonte, and a Spanish steamer the Marquis de la Habana, both fitted out in Havana with money supplied by the Spanish Government. These vessels were taken to New Orleans

as lawful prizes, with their crews, which were composed of a miscellaneous assortment of all the villains and pirates of Cuba. Since then General Maria and Don Manuel Afra, a Spanish subject, have claimed these vessels, on the ground that they were captured illegally.

On the 26th of June, Judge McCabe, of New Orleans, after hearing the case, has ordered the vessels to be restored to their Spanish piratical masters. This learned Judge McCabe argues that, as we are not at war with Mexico, we cannot assume the right of search; that we should not decide the vessels of one hostile faction of a country troubled with civil war to be pirates, any more than those of the opposite faction; that the vessels, in passing by Vera Cruz, to their hostile port, need not, according to the usages of war, show their colors, that this should not be construed into an insult to our flag.

We have heard that this judicial abettor of an infamous tyrant is a great admirer of priestly power. Comment is unnecessary.

EDITORIAL GLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS.

The New Orleans Bee narrates the particulars of one of those revolting cases which naturally bring to the lips of every white Republican Shakespeare's saying, that frailty is the natural name of woman. It appears that a mulatto, named Frailty, who had some talent for music, set up as musical professor, and was employed to teach the daughters of some wealthy citizens. We must here observe that any person who can avail himself of the services of a nigger for anything except whitewashing, almost deserves any disaster that can proceed from such a revolting tolerance. The Sowards, John Browns, Danna, Greelys, Ripleys and Beschers, who worship niggerism in the abstract, keep them personally at a distance, and, to our knowledge, never intermarry with "cultured persons," or introduce them into their households as musical tutors. This absurd and unnatural custom is reserved for some of our Southerners, who doubtless suffer more frequently for their folly than they are willing to admit. The upshot of this sooty Mozart's adventures is, that he has seduced several highly respectable young ladies, and brought them to a terrible shame. We cannot sympathize much with either the *Desdemonas* or the *Brabantios*, and merely allude to the revolting story as a warning to all those who may have an unnatural passion for these imps of darkness.

North Stonington seems to be the very place where strong-minded women should settle, for now the men have it all their own way, their favorite amusement being wife-beating. Last week a captain of that warlike little place was solemnly tried for beating his wife; he was sentenced to pay three dollars' fine. The same day another gallant citizen of this "enterprising village" was tried for assaulting a man and fined four dollars.

It is, therefore, a cheaper luxury to beat a wife than a man. Magnanimous Stonington! You want Ernestine Rose, Lucy Stone, Mrs. Swinburn or Fanny Fern to strike error into your gallant recesses.

"The Smiths are a great nation, that's a fact!" Every day shows that they are fast swallowing up the other names. Even the polysyllabic name of Macnemey is losing ground. It is the coral insect of nomenclature destined to cover the Directory. In a Cincinnati paper last week the Smiths figured conspicuously. John Smith was fined for being drunk, and Charles Smith for passing a counterfeit bill. The worst Smith of all was an Alexander, who is advertised by his wife, Catharine Smith, as having run away from her, which she could overlook, but she could not forgive his running away with another woman. She, however, has a revenge—and it is a deadly one, and utterly annihilates Mary Jordan, the woman with whom Alexander, the great wife deserter, has taken his flight. What must Mary Jordan's feelings be when she peruses this inventory of her charms: "The said Mary Jordan has dirty yellow hair, looking very much like tow—top of head, bald of even that; sq: into like a pig in convulsions; wears specks; weighs about one hundred and fifty pounds; and is a corn-cutter by trade!" What must Catharine Smith be, for a husband to desert her for such a Helen?

An Irish American commences an article with "The pugnacity of the human race is so great, that a powerful microscope applied to a drop of Croton, reveals the fearful fact that it is filled with animalcule, fighting with as much virulence as though they were Kilkenney cats." We leave our Donnybrook philosopher to determine the proper position of animalcule and cats in the human scale, and merely quote it to confirm the general pugnacity of everything and everybody. We have another instance of this love for a free fight in a quarrel between a Mr. Green Seal and a Mr. Hanleiter, of Atlanta, Georgia. Their correspondence appears in the *Temperance Crusader*, edited by Green Seal. Mr. Hanleiter is the editor of the *National American*. It appears that our friend Green Seal has a talent for improvising satirical verses, a very dangerous gift by the way, and that among other pegs to hang his wit on he selected General Bynum, lately famous for playing the part of Romeo to a Juliet of the Spangler Institute, whereupon General Bynum pegged away at Green Seal, and gave him a decided cowhiding. Even this lesson was lost upon the facetious Green Seal of the *Temperance Crusader*, for he poked his fun at Mr. Hanleiter, who delicately reminded the *Temperance Troubadour* of the reward his verses got from Bynum. Green Seal, evidently still so e from Bynum's cowhiding, writhed at this, and challenged Hanleiter to "designate some spot outside the limits of the State to settle the matter like gentlemen;" to which heroic offer Hanleiter "declines the amusing proposal, as he considers that his family and creditors have a lien upon his life, and that he has no right to jeopard it to gratify the silly whim of Green Seal." Whereupon the *Temperance Crusader* gets very abusive and calls the sensible Hanleiter "a vulgar and impertinent scamp, an impudent and cowardly scoundrel, a contemptible bound," and other Congressional terms. Let us give these gentlemen a little good counsel. Let Green Seal give over his Byronic habit of satirizing the race to which he belongs—a misfortune with which we can feel sympathy—and let Hanleiter now allude to a whidings or General Bynum in the presence of Green Seal.

In a Previous Number we called attention to the "absurd wickedness," to use a compound idea of Coleridge, of throwing the children's inheritance to dogs, by sending back the captured negroes to their former heathenism, for there is too much reason to suspect that the Republic of Liberia is even more corrupt than our own. A Southern paper supplies a commentary to our former article:

WHAT BECOMES OF THE "RETURNED" AFRICANS?—A letter from Key West, speaking of the negroes on the slave-ship recently captured by the United States steamer *Crusader*, says two of them proved to be two of those who were captured on the *Echo* and returned to Liberia. On Captain Mallitt's taking possession of his prize, the two men referred to immediately recognised and addressed him in the few words of English they had picked up. Comment is unnecessary.

This suggests two questions: Do the Africans prefer their own darkness to Liberian twilight? Does the Liberian Government sell them again to their former masters? An answer either way will show how egregiously we are duped in keeping a large force on the African coast, when we should keep one round Cuba. Till that island is a colony of the United States, the slave trade will flourish.

The Philadelphia Press has a very complaisant method of drawing comparisons. In a late number it made the following suggestion:

The Austrian soldiers are initiating a new style of suicide. They charge their muskets with brandy, place the muzzle to their mouths and fire. The consequence is a confusion of brain, which cannot be produced by the more common way of using the liquor. It is a great pity that our Aldermen could not be persuaded to take their maternal "nips" in the same manner. If they would only take their "smashes" from the muzzle of a musket instead of the mouth of a bottle, "public opinion" would permit them to indulge in any extent in their favorite beverage.

POLITICAL ON-DITS.

The Great Quadrangular Presidential Imbroglio is in full operation. The four chief tickets, resolving themselves into the National Democratic Nomination of Douglas, the Administration Buchananite Mormon Ticket represented by Breckenridge, the Republican Ball-Splitting one of Abe Lincoln, and that of the steady old fossil Bell. It seems to be pretty generally conceded that Douglas will carry New York and Pennsylvania, and Lincoln Ohio, thus sending the election to the House and possibly to the Senate. We will not, however, forestall popular curiosity, but leave the public in doubt till November. The press is in a delicious state of doubt, dismay and don't-know-what-to-do-ism. The President signs his Bourbon and plies the guillotine over and over. Already George N. Sanders, the Warwick of Kentucky, has suffered the novel sensation of seeing his own head drop off his own shoulders into the arms of Douglas.

One of our profane wits has called him the modern St. John, whose head has been served up by the order of Herod Buchanan to please Herod Breckenridge; but St. John Sanders can smile at a martyrdom which places him in the Douglas paradise. Douglas will, undoubtedly, receive two-thirds the German accent and one-half the sweet Irish brogue, since Meagher, Savage, Doherty, Oliver Byrne and others of that class will fight under his banner. Already Byrne and Doherty are quarrelling which shall have the London mission.

The Baltimore Republican goes in strong for Breckenridge, Forgy's Press for Douglas, the Memphis *Applauder* for Breckenridge, the Richmond *Whig* won't vote for either Breckenridge or Douglas, both being sectional candidates—Bell will be its choice, perhaps. The Charleston *Courier* goes in for Breckenridge. In New York the Little Giant has the best end of Democracy, since Tammany and Mozart Hall both support him, and Mayor Wood will most probably give him his powerful support in the city. John Cochrane is also a Little Giant, and he is a host in himself. Archbishop Hughes's paternal affection for Queen Isabella of Spain may perhaps make him hesitate ere he swallows S. A. D., on account of his Cuban propensities—but that his heart is sound on the goose question we are assured. For further reliable intelligence on this interesting quadrilateral duel, we refer our readers to Frank Leslie's *Budget of News*, where he will find the *Mincio* somewhat out of its elbows, despite the sympathies of youth saving the Union, by a British fleet anchoring on the plains of Sclerifio.

NOTES OF THE TIMES.

Every Genuine American has a certain space of Byron in him—more especially that faculty of which Don Juan and Beppo are the fullest exponents. Even amid the fullest indulgence of our raptures, we laugh at ourselves. We banter our own sublimity. This peculiarity is at the bottom of American humor. The editor of the San Louis *Bulletin*, in his article of little Patti, indulges in rapture and banter at the same time, in the following fashion:

"We have heard the divine Adella. Like a newly created immortal, just entering the gates of Paradise to catch a glimpse of the fair-haired angels, so entered we into the door of the Mercantile Library Hall last night, to see Maurice Strakosch's new wonder and hear her angelic warblings. Our heart, in its wild beatings, knocked off several waistcoat buttons as she made her appearance on the stage; but when the first notes were trilled forth from those lips, sweeter than double distilled essence of honey, our vital organ stopped beating and didn't palpitate any more till she got through, then it fairly leaped for joy into our throat, and there it sticks up to present writing. Good bless Patti! She looked last night as if she had just dropped from the stars, all fragrant with celestial glory. Brignoli was great, Juca was powerful, Ferri was majestic, Madame Strakosch was queenly, and Maurice Strakosch was evidently tickled because he had made so much money; but little Patti, she was as innocent as a seraph, and looked as if she lived on celestial food and didn't eat any bread and butter and cabbage and cheese, like other folks."

The English Newspapers, when writing on American subjects, display a very creditable amount of ignorance. The Manchester *Times* gives us the following specimen brick of its architectural intelligence. Such a brick far exceeds any that has ever graced the hat of a Philadelphia Editor:

"The Baltimore Union Convention had nominated Bell and Everett as candidates for the Presidency. The Republicans of Chicago had nominated Mr. Lincoln for the Presidency. The Illinois convention had nominated Mr. Hamlin as President and Mr. Maine as Vice-President. Great enthusiasm prevailed."

We should think it would require great enthusiasm to elect Mr. Maine as Vice-President, although to a certain extent, every politician is a *Ma* *Ma*. As a pendant to this English stupidity, let us give this specimen of American folly. At the office of the *Express*, Buffalo, a rail was exhibited, which was labelled, "This rail was manufactured by old Abe Lincoln, twenty years ago." Surely such monkey tricks must make us ridiculous in the eyes of the world. We want a President to superintend our Government, and not a lean, lanky fellow to split rails!

PERSONAL.

MADAME KOSUTH JULAVNY, who came to this country with her brother Louis Kosuth in 1850, died lately at her house in Brooklyn. She was buried in Greenwood Cemetery.

MR. MARTIN VAN BUREN WILCOX has been appointed to succeed Mr. Hunt as Assistant District Attorney. Judge Roosevelt could not have appointed a better man. He is at once a sound lawyer and a courteous official.

JUDGE DOUGLAS, the Little Giant, and his beautiful and accomplished wife are now staying at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. A serenade was given to Mrs. Douglas on the 2d, when the Judge returned thanks.

PRIVATE letters from Washington state that Senator Gwin and President Buchanan had so stormy an altercation that but for the presence of a lady it would have ended in a fistful. Alas! when the whiskey's in, the wit is out. Hitbore the Senator and President have been firm and fast friends. The best thing the latter could do would be to join Brigham Young, and divide *et impera*—the favorite maxim of both.

MR. COGSWELL, who lately received a visit from Dr. Sands' ghost while in the Astor Library, has sailed for England in the *Niagara* with \$10,000, to buy some of the choice volumes about to be distributed by the sale of Stevens' library.

The *Star Gazette*, Galveston, in announcing the death of the late Theodore Parker, says: "His soul has gone glimmering to Satan!" What does the philosophic Texan mean?

MARSHALLS have produced a musical wonder—a little girl only three years old. She is a daughter of Mr. Storey. She will soon appear in Boston, and astonish the modern Athenians. She can play above fifty tunes on the piano and melodeon, some of them being her own composition.

MR. GODFREY, the famous inventor of vulcanized India rubber, died on the 1st at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. He was a native of Newhaven, Conn., and was born on the 29th of December, 1800.

C. F. PORTER, formerly of New York, has been elected Mayor of Decatur, Burlington, Nebraska.

W. H. SEWARD, son of Greeley's Julius Caesar, has lately married Miss Watson. Young Seward will find matrimony the happiest state in the Union, since his President is Cupid, and his politics love.

A JOINT meeting of the American Normal School and National Teachers' Associations will be held at Buffalo, N. Y., commencing on Tuesday, the 7th of August next, and continuing through the week. The Normal Association will organize on Tuesday, at 10 o'clock A. M. The National, on the following day, at the same hour and place. Papers will be presented for discussion on the most important themes, pertaining to the several departments of instruction, government and discipline, from the primary school to the university. The Local Committee at Buffalo are making all necessary arrangements for the meeting. The citizens of Buffalo will entertain the ladies gratuitously. A reduction in the charges will be made to those who put up at the hotels. Persons arriving in Buffalo may receive all necessary information by calling on the Local Committee, at the library-room of the Young Men's Association. For further information address Oliver Arey, Chairman of the Local Committee, Buffalo, N. Y.; W. F. Phelps, Trenton, N. J.; J. W. Bulkeley, Brooklyn, N. Y.; B. G. Northrop, Saxville, Mass.; Z. Richards, Washington, D. C.; W. E. Sheldon, West Newton, Mass.; and James Cruikshank, Albany, N. Y.

H. C. SPALDING, on Monday, the 2d inst., in a suit in the Superior Court, Judge Hoffman presiding, was fully protected by a strong decision in his favor, sustaining his trade marks connected with his unequalled Prepared Glue, against all parties who have been attempting to avail themselves of the benefits of his business enterprise and advertising. This is as it should be.

We are glad to announce the arrival in the Persia of the celebrated composer Vincent Wallace, with his wife and children. He comes with the blushing honors of "Lurline" on his brow.

COLONEL D. H. HUTCH, the well-known author and artist, has lately been on a visit to New York. He returned to his native Maryland last week.

PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Fires in France—The Last Fête—American Ladies in Paris—American Tift Hunting—Matrimonial Miracles—The Grand Conference—The Japanese—Garibaldi.

They get up fêtes here on very little capital or cause therefor, and will make a Fourth of July out of a Governor's birthday with the greatest ease in the world. To be sure it is not quite so bad here as in Naples, where, it is said, there are exactly three hundred and six-five days in the year when *not a dove* *lanovare*—nobody ought to work, as Peronella's husband says in the Decameron, because 'tis a saint's day. Our last, on the 15th, was in commemoration of the battle of Magenta. There were the *St. Dennis*, the appropriate pieces, songs and orations in theatres and other places; there was a grand review of the National Guard, and there was a grand time generally speaking, all round. I feel that I am on delicate ground when I approach the subject, but I would really like to give a hint to such American young ladies as read your excellent paper and beg them, when they come to Paris, not to attract the ridicule of well-bred Europeans of every nation, by an absurd worship of rank. There is, probably, not an American in Paris who realizes the truth, but I can assure you, that the avidity with which a chain of your domestic run after the smallest and most wretchedly represented titles makes them the laughing-stock

of Paris. I think that I see two or three causes for this. To Europeans, who live more for enjoyment, whose position in life is fixed as in castles, Americans seem to be under perpetual high pressure to rise in society. They seem to live for little else, think of nothing else. Respectable, more respectable, most respectable, seems to form the grammar of those here resident. It is painful to listen to the conversation of these aspirants for fashionable position seekers, and not less sickening to hear the weaker sisters continually repeating their litany of "Count A, Viscount B, My Lord C, Duke de D," and so on. I have heard a young Baltimore gentleman allude at least nineteen times in half an hour to his aristocratic acquaintances, in a manner so absolutely idiotic that I wished myself deaf. All this betrays a restless unhappiness, an insecurity of position, which it is painful to contemplate. A poor, paltry, debauched scrap of nobility, who has no character and no credit among Europeans of any rank whatever, finds it very easy, with a little tact, to be received, almost with open arms, among the Americans, and very readily forms an alliance with some heiress who has probably rejected a score of gentlemen who would have rejected him as a speaking acquaintance—minus his title. Another cause is undoubtedly the extreme romanticism which underlies the American young lady character, particularly among those less favored by education and association, and who have drawn from silly or highly spiced novels those habits of thought which should have been derived from practical knowledge of life, sound reading and healthy, honest hopes and aspirations. When all a girl's romance—and every young person has a romance—centres around a Count, then plain Mr. becomes very uninteresting.

I have been induced to make these remarks at the suggestion of an intelligent lady, many years resident in Paris, who declares that a history of the unfortunate marriages made in this city by American girls for the past twenty-five years, all caused by title-worship, would show a fearful array of family disaster greater out of all proportion to numbers than the same among the ladies of any other nation. Next to these would come the race of reputed *ladies*, in which many a girl or married lady, really innocent, wrecks her character by an insane anxiety to catch a title, or at least be thought a little gilded by the association. Let me assure you, young ladies that this has long been a subject of ridicule, and never more than of late. You are believed to have a very vulgar infatuation for rank and title, and to be ready to sacrifice any and everything, not merely to obtain them, but to be near them. I need not say that all Europe is on the look-out for what is to turn up at the Imperial Conference with the Kings of Deutschland. The French require very little of those potentates, only what is really their own—the left bank of the Rhine, and, perhaps, Belgium. However, public opinion says that the Emperor's present business is to persuade the German that he wishes for nothing of the kind. He is going to beat it into their heads that of all the men who ever kept treaties, there was never yet one who kept them so inviolate as he does. He has always preached this; and when England flares up, as she will some day, and Germany with her, the Emperor will have it so arranged that he has always been the peaceable one, and they the aggressors!

So you are by this time happy in the society of the Japanese. I may be mistaken, but I am under the impression that in California the Mongol has been legally declared a colored man, or much the same as a negro; and how can you bring yourselves to consistently treat them as your guests and equals? But I forget, the Japanese are said to be princes—real princes of the blood, nobles, and all that.

Garibaldi is doing well in many respects. Many are flocking to his standard, and all Europe is sending him supplies. As for the King of Naples, it is evident that the unfortunate is beginning to see through all the clouds of ignorance, folly and vanity which surrounded his court, that he is rapidly losing power, and may yet lose place. He is willing, it is said, to have his realm reformed, rather than lose it, which is not improvable, as Garibaldi may yet give him a turn in Naples. The real aspects of our politics at present are this: You Americans are settling the black slavery question little by little, while Europe is clearing away the worst forms of conservatism, as represented by Papal Government, Austrian rule and Russian serfdom. In a few years all will be destroyed, and a Constitutional Government substituted. Louis Napoleon's policy is the best after all, the one which simply says—"Little by little." Little by little he strengthens the middle class, and, consequently, the foe of the despots as of the red republicans.

Yours indeed, PASTOR.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

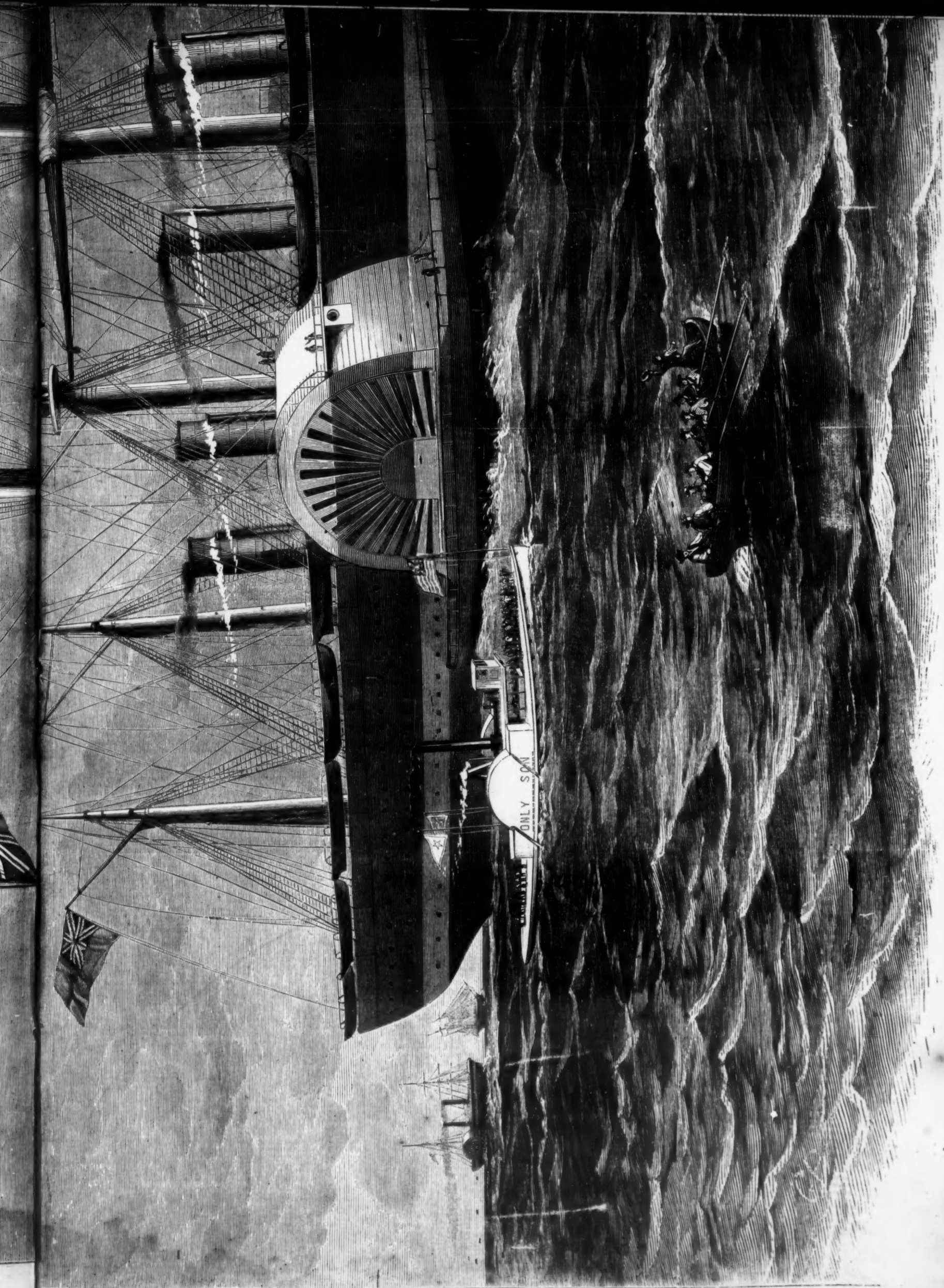
The famous old elm of Boston Common, which has for many years been supported by clamps, was nearly destroyed during the great storm of Friday, the 20th of June. It had been reduced for years to two immense branches, which were bound together with iron bands. A person who was near describes the fall as being a terrific crash. A man named Davidson, a card manufacturer, has been arrested, charged with an attempt at arson on the day the Japanese arrived in New York. His partner, a man named Nokes, is the chief witness against him. On Saturday, the 30th, three steamers sailed for England with 584 passengers and \$2,000,000 on board. On Friday afternoon a storm suddenly rose from the Atlantic and poured over Brooklyn; it caught the roof of the Academy of Music now building there, and dashed it to pieces, frightfully mutilating several of the workmen. The damage is estimated at nearly \$4,000. The *Frederick Examiner*, one of the most reliable journals of Maryland, relates that a valuable horse belonging to Mr. Hall was attacked by bees. The horse opening his mouth to fight at them, a swarm entered his throat, which they stung so savagely that suffocation ensued, and the poor beast died that night. The Roman Catholic school of St. Peter's Church, Barclay street, had their annual exhibition on the 27th of June. Bishop McFarland presided. The children looked very well, and acquitted themselves very creditably. An unfortunate Dutchman who lately returned from California with \$800 in a belt around his waist, went into Trapman's lager beer saloon, 103 Delancey street, and after drinking a few glasses felt so drowsy that he threw himself upon a sofa at the back part of the room, and fell fast asleep. When he awoke an hour or so afterwards his belt and money were gone. He had Trapman and his wife arrested, although they looked as innocent as Germans generally do, and denied all knowledge of the affair. The steam sawmill of Turgot, corner of Eighteenth street and Avenue A, was burnt down on Saturday; damage estimated at \$5,000. The cause of the fire was the extreme friction of some parts of the machinery.

The Fire Escape made by Clark of London was exhibited in the Park last Monday, the 2d of July; it consists of elongating ladders, with a bag for the young and timid to slide down. Many of the officials tried its efficacy, among others our old friend Mr. Auld, the Mayor's after age. A very short time will, however, introduce to the public Mackenzie's fire escape, at once so simple, reliable and immediate, that we trust no more human lives will be sacrificed by fire. John Hogan, who has been missing for some time, has been found dead in the woods in the rear of Jefferson village, New York.

A man named Nelson, who keeps a sailor's run hole in Pearl street was arrested for winding a sailor out of a considerable sum of money. As usual, he was allowed to compromise the matter. How is it that our magistrates are so lenient with Peter Funks, bogus ticket men and emigrant runners? Restitution is not punishment—it is merely an unsuccessful venture, and an encouragement to try again. A sailor, belonging to the Great Eastern, named O'Brien, has been arrested, charged with having fractured the skull of one of his messmates. They had a fight, in the course of which O'Brien struck his opponent over the head with a bar of iron. The injured man was taken to the New York Hospital, and his assailant to the Tomb. This makes the third who will most probably lose their lives by accidents on board this mammoth steamer. A respectable lady, Mrs. Paulina Hutton, has been committed to jail in Terre Haute, Indiana, on a charge of arson, or rather of hiring a couple of women to set fire to a stable. These two women, who are courtesans, were in jail themselves, and there is every reason to believe that the whole is "a concoction." It is currently reported that Edwin Robinson, Esq., President of the Richmond and Washington railroad and steamboat route, is a defaulter to a considerable amount. These facts were disclosed, by Mr. Robinson himself, he voluntarily giving up his personal property to secure the company. He will remain to meet the investigation. It is understood his default was in consequence of investments at Ashland, near Richmond. Mr. Robinson is highly respected in Richmond, and the report caused a great sensation. Maroney, who stole \$30,000 from the Adams Express Company, whose agent he was in Montgomery, Ala., has been sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. Nearly \$40,000 of the stolen money has been recovered. So dexterously had he managed affairs that, although suspicion attached to him, and he was arrested, yet there was nothing to directly implicate him. A detective was therefore employed to be in the same cell with him. Maroney, thinking him a fellow criminal, made a few indiscreet admissions, which led to the unravelling of the whole *maquis operam* of the robbery. A fair lady, who passed as Mrs. Maroney, was ferreted out and watched. The plunder was found buried in her house, and the ingenious abstracter tried and punished. The bodies of a woman named Willis and two children were found horribly mutilated, last Saturday, near Batavia, Jefferson county, Iowa. Their murder was supposed to have been committed by a man named Kepkehart, who was pursued, arrested on Sunday night in Missouri, and brought back. He confessed to having committed the murder at Eldridge, and afterwards hauled the bodies thirty miles to the place where they were found. The Massachusetts Superior Criminal Court have found bills of indictment against Elias Carleton, George Oakes, W. B. Carleton and Watson Freeman, of Boston, for attempting to kidnap Mr. Sanborn, the associate of John Brown. Of course nothing will come out of it. It is a pity they displayed so much brutality in their arrest, since it has thrown the sympathy on the wrong side.

Ship Great Eastern.





Arrival of the Mamm

THE MYSTERY; OR, THE GIPSY GIRL OF KOTSWOLD.

A ROMANCE BY J. F. SMITH.

Author of "Substance and Shadow," "Smiles and Tears," "Dick Tarleton," "Phases of Life," &c.

CHAPTER LXI.

WINTER the Luciole and its gallant crew were engaged in the rescue of our hero before Capri, a new actor had appeared on the scene at Naples, in the person of an aide-de-camp of the archduke viceroys of Lombardy.

The Baron von Kalig was one of those devoted but needy partisans whose fortunes the Austrian government felt itself bound to promote. As usual, the imperial gratitude was to be shown at the expense of Italy, or rather by the sacrifice of one of her fairest daughters, Bianca, who, on the death of her mother, would succeed to her fortune.

Alfred Belgioso had long been pronounced civilly dead, and the estates, which descended to him in right of his father, confiscated by Austria. Fortunately he was in England.

Similar justice, in all probability, would have been dealt to the widowed countess, had not her brother been an influential member of the Sacred College. Rome required management; the French were at Ancona; and, while they remained there, the claws of the double-headed eagle were not quite securely fixed in the heart of its still palpitating victim.

The countess had lived too long under the iron hand of despotism to betray her feelings as she pursued the letter which the bearer presented from the viceroy, in which his highness commanded her return to Milan, and added that he should sanction with pleasure a marriage between her daughter and his faithful aide-de-camp, Von Kalig. As a further inducement, the archduke added that such a pledge might induce the imperial government to extend its mercy to her exiled son.

"I cannot force the inclinations of my child," observed the lady, as she handed the missive to her brother.

"Certainly not," added his eminence, after reading it; "although we should welcome the proposed alliance with pleasure. His excellency must rely upon his personal merits more than on the august protection he has invoked."

"A refusal!" said the baron, in a tone of haughty surprise. "My name and rank—"

"Are both unexceptionable," replied the prince of the church, with one of his blandest smiles; "but the countess and myself still refer you to Bianca."

Von Kalig bowed. He was quite diplomat enough to comprehend the refusal so courteously veiled.

At the end of the third day he proposed, and, as our readers may suppose, was rejected by the fair and innocent girl, who had already given her heart to another.

In his mortification and disappointment, the aide-de-camp announced his departure for Milan in five days, and commanded the countess and her daughter to be ready to accompany him, which last stretch of power effectually aroused the indignation of her brother.

"If it is an arrest you pretend to make," said the churchman, "I dispute your power. My sister and niece are under my protection, and will return with me to Rome. If the insult emanates from yourself, I treat it simply as an impertinence, and shall not condescend to answer it."

Bianca, whose agitation on hearing the order had been extreme, threw her arms around the neck of her protector.

"Your eminence forgets that the fortune of the Countess Belgioso is in Lombardy," observed the Austrian, with a significant smile.

"Her fortune, but not her person," returned the cardinal, coldly. "My sister's contract of marriage was signed both by the Pope and Emperor. It secures, in the event of her widowhood, the privilege of retiring in the bosom of her family within the States of the Church."

"But not her daughter's right to do so," exclaimed the baron, in a triumphant tone; "she is, indisputably, the subject of Austria."

"I shall not the less refuse to permit her being separated from her mother," observed his eminence. "Go, sir," he added, "it is at Rome and not in Naples these conflicting questions must be settled."

The disappointed aunt appealed in vain to the Neapolitan government for assistance to enforce her authority. Neither Ferdinand nor his ministers cared to risk a rupture with the Holy See, which must inevitably have followed the violation of the domicile of a prince of the church.

They knew too well the indelible character of Gregory XVI., the reigning pontiff, to attempt it. But what they dared not countenance openly, they aided secretly. The baron was assisted to carry off Bianca, whom his myrmidons waylaid, on returning from one of her daily visits to the villa of Lord Dalville.

Our readers are already acquainted with the circumstances which brought Oliver Brandreth and Jack Shears to the Casa Inglesi in time to rescue her from her unmanly persecutor.

Two days later, and she would have been in Lombardy, beyond the reach of help—almost of hope.

The disappearance of her child produced a terrible effect upon the already shattered constitution of the countess. It was the severing of the last tie that bound her to life. She knew the pitiless hands her daughter had fallen into too well to expect the feeble resistance she could offer to prevail against the iron will of Austria, who, during her occupation of Italy, appears to have taken a brutal delight in outraging every sentiment of humanity as well as justice.

Day after day the illness of the unhappy mother was alleged as an excuse to Phil for the absence of Bianca. It was necessary to deceive him for his own sake; for, although rapidly advancing towards convalescence, his physician predicted a relapse in the event of any sudden shock or excitement.

"But a line—but one word, written by her own dear hand," exclaimed Phil, on receiving the usual answer to his inquiries after Bianca, "to dissipate the doubts that haunt me!"

"Can you not trust to me?" observed Milly, reproachfully, for she knew not what to say.

"My reason trusts you—trusts you implicitly," replied the lover; "but not my heart—it refuses to be satisfied with words. I know that it is wrong—ungrateful—but I cannot help it. A word—only one little word!" he added, imploringly. "It is not much to ask. You will see her for me?"

"I will visit the countess to-morrow," replied Lady Dalville, evasively. "To-morrow!" repeated the invalid; "still this procrastination—this suspense."

A servant entered the room at this moment, fortunately for Milly, whose embarrassment increased every instant, and informed her that the earl requested to speak with her in the library.

"Patience," she whispered, as she smoothed the pillow of poor Phil; "I shall soon return."

She was not long absent from her patient, but quickly reappeared, holding two letters in her hand—her countenance radiant with smiles.

"For me!" exclaimed the lover, eagerly, "for me?"

"Both; one is from Oliver, the other—"

"From Bianca!" cried the impatient youth. "I can read it in your eyes; they never yet deceived me."

"From Bianca," repeated her ladyship. "She is well, quite well; but, before I give them to you, I have something to impart which you must promise me to listen to with patience."

"Patience! yes, yes!—I promise it."

With that tact and gentleness peculiar to her sex, Lady Dalville related the arrival of the Baron von Kalig in Naples—his proposal and rejection by Bianca. When she described the abduction of the fair Italian by her Teutonic suitor, the agitation of her patient alarmed her, and she passed at once from the details of her escape to the assurance of her safety.

"She is on her way to England, under the protection of Oliver and Major Henderson," she hastily exclaimed. "Read—read!"

Phil broke the seals, and, as he read the lines love and friendship had traced, the storm of passion that shook him yielded to the sweet conviction that the object of his young heart's worship was beyond the reach of her enemies and his.

"All things," continued Milly, seriously, "work to an all-wise end. As long as the object of your affection remained in Italy, the barriers to your union appeared insurmountable; her flight to England will at once remove them."

"Yes," exclaimed Phil, hopefully, "it is the land of freedom; the major, Oliver and my kind old guardian will protect her there. Oh, how I long to breathe its air, to tread its soil again, to feel the guarded caution fall like a broken fetter from my lips; to know that I harbor in my heart no thought I dare not utter; to act, and move, and feel myself a man, as God intended man should be—and not a living mask, a lie to myself and others, as despotism too often makes us."

"And that, my dear boy," said the earl, who had entered the chamber of his sick guest, unperceived, "is an ingenious, honest nature, the heaviest link in its iron chain. My resignation of the post I hold has been accepted by the Government at home, and in ten days, provided you are strong enough to accompany us, Lady Dalville and myself return to England."

"I shall be strong enough, my lord," replied Phil, greatly excited; "believe me I shall. Do not, I entreat you, let the doubt of it delay your preparations for departure an instant. The thought of seeing Bianca—the lips of the lover trembled as he pronounced her name—Oliver, and those who love me, whom I love, will give me strength. I feel already as if the stream of life ran with fresh vigor through my veins," he added.

It is astonishing how great an influence the mind can exercise over the body's health. From that day the poor stricken youth began to recover rapidly, and the physicians at last pronounced that he might undertake the voyage without danger.

"Good," murmured the countess, fixing her sunken eyes upon his—"good. There is something of the Roman honor in that word, is there not, brother?"

His eminence glanced round the apartment, as if to assure himself the words of his dying sister were not overheard.

"I have nothing to fear now," continued the speaker, with a faint smile. "For the first time I feel the majesty of Death. There is safety beneath the shadow of his wings; the hand of the oppressor cannot reach me there. You will bear," she added, turning to Phil, "to Alfred and Bianca, my last words."

His eminence glided silently from the room; probably he did not wish to listen to what his profession—not his heart—might disapprove.

"Tell them," said the countess, with a strong effort, "never to return to Italy till Italy is free. Poverty and exile may be endured with dignity and patience, but not the sacrifice which for years I have been compelled to make; husband, sons, daughter, one by one, all have been torn from me. No, no," she repeated; "better exile or the grave."

"Poverty at least they shall never know," replied Phil.

"Englishman, you love my child," observed the countess.

"With the heart's worship. Existence has no hope apart from her; life no joy, unless Bianca shares it. My friend and benefactor, the excellent, the kind Lord Dalville, will assure you that my fortune is ample—my name, if I be noble than your own, honorable and unblemished. Do not, I implore you, let the pride of rank, the difference of faith, at such a moment interpose to bar my happiness."

"It shall not," murmured the dying woman; "it shall not; God will forgive me if I err. He reads the heart, and knows its secret motives. Bear witness," she added, addressing herself to the earl, "that I gave my consent to the marriage with my child, and pronounced a dying mother's blessing on their union."

The interview, brief as it had been, so exhausted the sufferer, that Phil, after gratefully kissing the hand feebly extended to him, deemed it best to withdraw. As he passed through the ante-room he encountered the cardinal, who affectionately embraced him.

"I have heard all," he whispered. "I dare not sanction, but I will not oppose, your happiness. My niece shall not be a dowryless bride," he added.

The prince of the Church dared no longer to trust his heart, lest the man should triumph over the priest, but walked hastily away.

On the very day Lord and Lady Dalville, accompanied by Phil, embarked on board the frigate sent to convey them to England, intelligence was brought them of the death of Bianca's mother. The messenger placed in the hands of the young Englishman a packet addressed by the countess to her daughter.

The three travellers stood upon deck long after the gallant vessel had cleared the bay, watching the receding shores of Naples. The sun shone bright and fair, flooding the coast and islets in his golden light, mellowing their purple hues to those rich tones that poets love and painters revel in.

When the cone of Vesuvius, with its cloud of smoke rising like incense from some distant altar, alone remained visible, they descended to the cabin.

"You are pensive, Milly," observed her husband, "do you regret the land we have quitted—its sunshine and its loveliness? The beauty of Italy, alas! is like the beauty of the snake, fascinating but treacherous."

"I can have no regrets where you are, my dear lord," replied the grateful woman—"no happiness where you are not! But this abandonment of a career—the purposes of a life," she added, in a tone of self-reproach—"for me—for me!"

"For myself," whispered the earl, "the heart feels no sacrifice that love has made."

On the arrival of the packet at Marseilles, Major Henderson and Oliver forwarded letters to England, informing Mr. Compton of their arrival, of the safety of his ward, and the addition to their party in the persons of Jack Shears and Bianca. A second letter was sent at the same time to his mother. He had accomplished his task, he urged, and surely no reason now remained to delay the gratification of his most ardent wish.

As usual, it was addressed to Mrs. Brandreth, through her bankers.

After a day or two's rest, the travellers started for Paris—the Major, with his usual thoughtfulness, having engaged a young Italian as companion and attendant on Bianca.

On reaching the capital of our Gallic neighbors, an agreeable surprise awaited them. The worthy broker was the first person to welcome them on alighting at their hotel. He brought Alfred Belgioso—whom his boys, as he designated Oliver and Phil, had furnished with letters of introduction—with him.

"Stuff!" said John Compton, when the exiled patriot presented him to his sister as his benefactor; "only let her name Phil a good wife, and it is I who must grate of gratitude."

Taking both the fair girl's hands in his, the speaker gazed upon her long and earnestly, then gravely saluted her upon the cheek.

"I have received several letters," he continued, "from Lord Dalville. He is a noble-hearted fellow; few men would have proved capable of such a sacrifice."

His hearers regarded him inquiringly.

"He has resigned his post as ambassador, and retired from public life to insure the happiness of Milly. Pity it should be so; England requires a few more such men to represent her."

One piece of intelligence he imparted surprised them: Sir Aubrey Fairclough had returned to England only just in time to witness the death of the relative from whom his vices had so long estranged him.

He was now Lord Alton Towers.

It is unnecessary for the progress of our tale, to dwell upon the stay of the speakers in Paris. It was too brief for incident; their hearts were in England, and less than a week saw them domiciled in the hospitable mansion of the broker, but only for a time, as far as Bianca Belgioso was concerned; "a bachelor's house," John Compton observed, "was not the home for a young and beautiful girl, especially as it would very soon be the residence of her lover also."

"I have a friend," he said, when informing the fair Italian and her brother of the arrangements he had made, "Doctor Lacy, who, with his sister, inhabit a secluded, quiet spot near Richmond. They are most anxious to receive you."

"Lacy!" exclaimed Oliver, "I have heard that name before."

"Rockingham Hall, white lady and her shadow," said John Compton, with a smile; "you are right, it is the same."

A crowd of recollections flashed upon the mind of our hero; the first circumstance in his life that had deeply impressed him, in all probability, would be now explained.

It was not long before Herbert Lacy, accompanied by the Dowager Lady Vavasour and Annie, came to be introduced to the fair exile; both spoke the language of her country, whose accents fell doubly sweet, uttered by the voice of kindness.

"We should have been here to welcome you on your arrival," said Annie, "but could not leave Miss Lacy."

Whose illness, added the doctor, "must excuse the formality of a visit; but should her kindest wishes, and promises to do all in her power to make our home agreeable to you."

To the surprise of Oliver, there was something almost affectionate in the manner of the speaker when John Compton introduced them.

"You must visit us, Mr. Brandreth," he exclaimed, "in our retreat."

"It will not be the first time I have availed myself of your hospitality," observed our hero.

"I know it. This time, I trust, you will have no cause to fly from it."

"You are aware, then, of the—"

"Everything," interrupted Mr. Lacy; "and the explanation is as simple as it is easy. For years my sister has been a confirmed invalid, rarely or never quitting her abode. There were moments," he added, "when her mind wandered, and I could not expose her to the gaze of the curious and unfeeling. Thank Heaven, that has passed," he added, "although she is still nervous, and liable to excitement at the first approach of strangers."

"I understand," said Oliver, "our friends have removed a singular as well as a painful impression from my mind. The white lady and her shadow—"

"Were my sister and myself," replied his former host. "Pray do not allude to the circumstance in her presence; and if I might suggest—"

The speaker hesitated, as if embarrassed how to proceed.

"I'll finish the suggestion for you," said John Compton. "Oliver, my dear boy, when you visited Richmond, had no notice of Miss Lacy beyond a mere bow, when introduced. Little by little she will become accustomed to your presence. Do you understand me?"

"Perfectly," replied our hero.

"It's only a little nervous shyness at first," added the broker, "and will soon wear off."

CHAPTER LXII.

TEN days after the removal of Bianca to Richmond, her brother and our hero drove down to visit her. On being ushered into the drawing-room, the latter remembered the caution he had received respecting Miss Lacy, and merely bowed on being introduced to her. The nervous state of the lady was so disconcerting, that he scarcely ventured to regard her a second time; and all that he recollected of her when he came away was that her hair was silvery gray, and that she wore spectacles.

Four other persons were present—Annie, her mother, Bianca, and a tall, pale, intellectual-looking man, about his own age, whose countenance seemed familiar to Oliver, although he could not recollect where he had seen him.

He was introduced as Mr. James Sparks.

"Three days!" exclaimed Annie, holding up her finger reprovingly to the visitors. "I thought you had forgotten us."

"I never forget those whom I have once known and liked," replied our hero. "I should have been down before," he added, "but I have been expecting a letter from my dear, dear mother—expecting it! I felt heart-sick."

A deep-drawn sigh from the window where Miss Lacy was sitting reading startled him.

"And yet," observed the pale-faced gentleman, whose features had struck him with so peculiar an impression, "I question if Mr. Brandreth recollects that we met before."

"I remember it perfectly, but not the place or occasion."

"Rockingham Hall," replied Sparks; "the night you and your friend were the guests of my benefactor."

"When I so strangely mistook your position!" exclaimed Oliver, alluding to his having offered him money, and his singular conduct on the occasion. "I

was but a boy then, and, to speak the truth, terrified out of the little sense Heaven has gifted me with by my adventure in the barn."

The speaker held out his hand with frankness as he uttered the scarcely necessary apology. To his surprise it was not taken.

"You were not mistaken," said the young man, calmly. "My position was that of a poor workhouse boy, received into the family of Mr. Lacy from charity."

"James! James!" cried Annie, placing her little hand before his lips, "how can you speak so unkindly?"

"Add," said her mother, "that by your own industry and perseverance you have raised yourself, young as you are, to an eminence in the scientific world that has secured you the friendship of the most illustrious names in the profession you have chosen. When a man has advanced, as you have done, in an honorable career, won respect from the respected, love from all who know him, his merits become his ancestors; he needs no others."

"Such a character must be my friend," exclaimed Oliver, gracefully, "if I can induce him to esteem me worthy of the name."

James Sparks cordially grasped the hand once more extended to him, and a flush of honest pride lit his pale, thoughtful features.

Herbert Lacy now made his appearance, and insisted on his visitors passing the day with them.

"You must not deny me!" exclaimed the gentleman.

"Alfred will, I am sure, feel most happy to remain," replied our hero. "I cannot."

Bianca and Annie both insisted upon his compliance.

"Why not?" urged the latter, poutingly. "I should like to hear James, learned as he is, refuse me!" The fair speaker, in years, was still a child, and her inclining his son again had vanished, and memory, with avenging vividness, recalled hourly to his mind some fresh trait of truthfulness and honor in the noble nature he had so cruelly misjudged. The chalice of remorse was at his lips, and the consciousness that his own hand had mixed the draught rendered it still more bitter.

Although brought face to face, as it were, with the error of his life, and confuted by its supposed consequences, the heart of Captain Brandreth had not softened towards his unhappy wife; he still clung to the delusion with the tenacity of one who dares not admit the possibility of having been deceived even to himself.

Pride, and the false reasoning which pride suggests, sustained him.

It was a sad blow to Mrs. Dalton and her daughter when the letter arrived with intelligence of our hero's death. The noble-hearted woman mourned for him as for a son, while Isabel—but we cannot describe her tears, the regrets, unconscious feelings that mingled with them. The heart is a cunning thing to analyze. Who can decide at what age the seeds of love take root in it?

Isabel was now sixteen.

Mademoiselle Marelli, who, to the great annoyance of her former pupil still remained in the family, affected a proper degree of sorrow on the occasion. But, despite her tact, it was easy to perceive that her grief was merely conventional; she was a strict observer of the outward proprieties of life, which imposed upon Mrs. Dalton, who, although she could not love, felt herself bound to respect her.

Previous to the return of the captain, Mrs. Dalton and her daughter carefully removed every little memorial that might remind him of his loss; Lucie Isabel conveyed to her own chamber. Not even mademoiselle suspected the tears she shed over them.

Shortly after the return of Captain Brandreth to his home, a certain change became apparent in the manner of the governess. It was not joy—that would have been an outrage upon the feelings of those who mourned—or even cheerfulness, but was noticeable chiefly in the absence of those sudden fits of abstraction and nervousness from which she formerly suffered.

A close observer would have decided that some painful or oppressive feeling had been removed, and that her mind had recovered its former elasticity.

When the sorrow-stricken, repentant father related to his sister the manner in which her nephew had perished, her tears flowed fast and freely.

"Poor boy!" she murmured, "poor boy! so noble, young and brave!"

"Do not tell Isabel," said her brother, gloomily; "she will hate me."

"No, no! I will play you, George—pity you."

"I tell you she will hate me," repeated the captain, bitterly. "She is changed to me already. She tried to look kindly and speak kindly on my return, but I perceived the effort it cost her. She shuddered at my embrace as from the kiss of Cain. He only destroyed his brother," he added, with a burst of passionate remorse, "I, yet more cruel and unnatural, sacrificed my son! Have you not heard of oracles and tokens sent in the old time to warn men against death? But they must have been a false, or Heaven, in pity, would have sent some sign to prevent a father murdering his only child!"

"Murder!" repeated Mrs. Dalton, faintly.

"The world will not call it so," exclaimed the captain, wildly; "it has softer words—accident! unfortunate occurrence! combination of circumstances!—with which to give the lie to simple truth. But I know that I murdered him, and he knew it. His last words as he sprang into the sea, warning me that I was a childless man, ring in my ears; I hear them in my sleep at night; the winds brought them to me on the deck of my own vessel as I paced the night-watch through. My officers and crew must have heard them, for I could see they shrank from me. Would you believe it, he continued, lowering his voice to a whisper, "that more than once, on my voyage home, I saw his pale face rise through the foaming spray, his blue eyes glare upon me, and yet I kept my reason?"

"George," sobbed his sister, "you terrify me! This is madness—delusion. Oliver would have smiled forgiveness on his father. If Heaven permitted the dead to visit this sad world, it would not be to mock us. You must shake off these sad impressions—return once more to the active life of your profession."

"Never!" interrupted her brother, firmly. "The man who cannot command himself is unfit to command others. Would you believe it, I sentenced poor old Jack, who sailed with me since I was a midship, who saved my life, to the lash—the lash!" he repeated with a shudder.

"Travel, then," suggested his sister.

"I cannot fly from my self!" was the gloomy answer.

Alarmed at the increasing despondency of her brother, Mrs. Dalton exerted all the influence she possessed, and at last drew from him a reluctant promise to seek relief from his sad thoughts in foreign travel.

Sailors, like ghosts—not that we ever pretend to any peculiar acquaintance with the habits of the latter—are said to be loath of returning to the scenes they have long been familiar with. At any rate, it proved the case with Jack Shears. There were certain haunts in the neighborhood of Wapping and Rotherhithe which he preferred to the hospitable abode of John Compton, although the latter allowed him to smoke in his own room and he had the society of Peter Marl and Philippe.

The fact was, pipeclay and tar did not exactly hit it. There was a feeling—only a slight one—of jealousy between them. Each considered himself as exclusively entitled to wait upon our hero—Jack, because he knew him first and had sailed under his father; Peter, from past service and affection.

The day after Oliver's return from Richmond the old sailor rushed into the room where Oliver was writing, in a state of great excitement.

"I have seen Tom, your honor!" he exclaimed. "The Aggy's paid off, and the skipper returned to London."

"In England?"

"True as the North light. Them rascally pirates took our rigger aboard, and told the captain as we was both drowned and buried. Love my eyes, you should have seen Tom's finger-head when he first clapt eyes upon me; he changed like a dolphin—looked as if he had been on the doctor's list six months, and kept on three-quarter grog."

"My poor father believes that we are dead," said our hero; "the retribution must have been fearful. Come with me."

"Where?" asked Jack, doubtfully.

"To seek him!" replied the generous youth; "not for an instant can I leave him with such an impression upon his mind. I tremble for his reason. You need not fear him now."

"Fear him!" repeated the seaman; "love my eyes! I never was afraid of our queer at times. I knowed his heart was right; it was only the upper rigger that was queer at times."

The old man touched his head significantly.

"Blessed!" he added, "he could not fog me now. He has struck his flag."

Had Oliver Brandreth given himself time to reflect, the probabilities are he would have pursued a more prudent course. His impetuous feelings got the better of his judgment, and, without calculating the effect his sudden appearance might produce upon his father, his aunt and Isabel, he quitted the house, accompanied by Jack Shears, and directed his steps towards the villa in the Regent's Park.

It was the day preceding the one on which the captain was to leave home upon his travels.

The desolate man was walking in the grounds with his niece and sister, discoursing on the past with that regret which derives double bitterness from being hopeless.

"I have yielded to your wish," he observed, "against my judgment. We cannot fly from the heart's malady—it accompanies us like our shadow."

"How better," said Mrs. Dalton; "there is a balm in time and change."

Her brother smiled bitterly.

A faint shriek from Isabel, who had lingered to weep over a rose-tree Oliver and herself had planted when children, attracted the attention of her uncle. The apparition that met

old you how they haunted me. How my brain swims—reason is crushed by the terrible reality—my boy, my murdered boy—pardon, pardon?"

"Father," said Oliver, "from the waves in which I madly plunged Heaven has returned me to ask you; speak not of forgiveness; the parent can have no forgiveness to ask his child. I return to you with love unbroken. Will you reject that love?"

"Living!" filtered his parent; "God, can this be real? To my heart, Oliver—"

the heart that pined for your affection, even when it misjudged you most—to the heart that beats as it would break from this tortured breast to meet you."

Our hero sprang to the arms that opened to receive him, and was folded to the heart of the repentant parent.

It was a picture of ordinary interest to behold father and son thus locked in the embrace of affection and reconciliation; Isabel clinging, half fainting, to her scarcely less agitated mother; whilst Jack Shears, unable to contain his joy, threw up his cap, indulging in a succession of guffaws at a dancing dervish might have envied, and finally gave vent to his feelings in a hearty English cheer.

And yet there was one person who, unobserved, being screened behind the door of the conservatory, witnessed the scene with anything but feelings of satisfaction—Mademoiselle Marelli.

Her nervous fit had returned.

"Send your father to the house, Oliver," sobbed his aunt. "This joy will surprise him—shaken him by our strength."

Hearty kisses were exchanged between our hero, Mrs. Dalton and Isabel, who led the captain, weak and prostrate as a child, into the villa.

There is a happiness, too deep alike for words or tears, to describe which would be impossible; all that is left is to draw the veil of imagination over it. As the agitated relatives disappeared, the governess advanced from the conservatory towards Jack, who still continued his antics.

"How is this?" she demanded. "Tell me—what has occurred?"

"Love my eyes!" exclaimed the sailor, "can't you understand it? His honor never won in Davy Jones's locker, never will be!"

Here he broke into one of his favorite songs.

"Fear not, but trust in Providence, Wherever you may be."

"What do you require?" said the Frenchwoman, who imagined that the information she sought was only to be obtained by a bribe.

"Require?" repeated the old man, "a fiddle and a dance—lots of gong and a smiling partner."

Throwing his arm round the waist of mademoiselle, Jack Shears would have danced his feelings in a jig upon the lawn, but the Frenchwoman released herself with an air of offended dignity, pronounced the word "Monstrosity," and walked into the house.

"Monstrosity!" repeated Jack, looking after her, "maybe I am, but I wouldn't change for a fellow with her; she's as cold as the North wind, and almost as uncommunicative. If you'll excuse me, if the crew of the Agony were here, wouldn't we have a day of it. There'd be no stopping the liberty boys now."

An hour afterwards, Isabel, with still tear-stained cheeks, sought him; she had known him from childhood, and her regard had been increased a hundredfold by the account her cousin had related of his devotion and courage.

Mademoiselle Marelli would have been inexpressibly shocked had she seen the kiss the fair girl imparted on his weather-beaten cheek.

"How you must love Master Oliver," exclaimed the old woman; "that was on his account."

"And our own Jack," answered Isabel, blushing. "Come with me, my uncle's wishes to see you. He has been badly broken. I am sure you hear no malice," she added.

"Mother against my old command, whom I sailed with when he was only a middy! Love my eyes! what do you take me for, miss—a shark?"

A fresh and blue joke, he said the young lady.

When Jack entered the library, Captain Brandreth held out his hand to him, and tried to speak.

"All right, yer honor," said Jack, who began to feel uneasy about the seppies. "I knowed you'd forgive me when you came to fathom the rights on it. Don't speak to me; you wouldn't like to see an old seaman blubber like a porpus. I'm off to the caboose" (he meant the kitchen). "I can navigate my passage. God bless yer honor, there ain't a lighter heart than old Jack's."

With a bow to his commander, and something very like a wink to Oliver, he disappeared, satisfied with those he left behind, and his "noration."

CHAPTER LXIII.

OLIVER BRANDRETH slept that night soundly beyond the parental roof; his heart was at rest—the painful feeling that for years he had been misjudged no longer troubled it. The captain had made a clean breast at last, and removed one of the great crosses of his life.

It was something to have uprooted a deep conviction, to have purged his brain of lurid fancies that destroyed all confidence between them. Of the honor and integrity of his son he was at last fully satisfied—convinced that he had been the dupes of a diseased imagination—judged him without proof, unwisely and unkindly. Not so did he review his conduct towards his wife—there his opinion remained unshaken, he had evidence to justify it, the oath of the jeweller and his assistant, and the reluctant admissions of the French governess.

Once, and once only, did our hero venture to allude to the painful circumstance, when his father made halloo; the whole array of startling facts against him.

Did he mean to accuse Mademoiselle Marelli, whose testimony before the magistrates at Bath had been extorted by threats and given in tears of despair?

No.

"I can understand your feelings," observed his father, "which refer to the dishonor of a parent—they are natural—they are her son. I am her son, and the husband has a right to judge the conduct of the wife."

Oliver made no reply—not that he could not find reasons to urge, but he clearly perceived nothing less than the legally proved falsehood of the charge against his mother, and the punishment of those who had conspired to blast her reputation, would ever disabuse the mind of Captain Brandreth.

"It will be a sad blow for him," he said, in conversing on the subject with his aunt, "should Providence ever clear the mystery. I can imagine the bitterness of his death, the torture of his self-reproaches—the profound humiliation of a soul like his, which brought face to face with his injustice—when the honor of the woman he abandoned is proved beyond a doubt, and supplies his self is dumb."

"It will be a moment of pride and sorrow to me," he added, "perchance of tears."

"What hope have you of such a result?" inquired Mrs. Dalton, anxiously.

Her nephew described the circumstances under which he had entered Sir Cuthbert Vane's parlour, and the peak of his indignation.

"And the contents of the letter?" inquired the kind-hearted woman—the contents of it? I, for one, never doubt of my poor friend's innocence."

"I know not."

"Have you a reason for your mother?"

"I have heard from her twice, as usual, through her bankers," answered our hero, with a sigh. "When will the restriction cease?"

He drew from his bosom the letters, and placed them in the hands of his relative.

The first ran thus:

"My DEAREST OLIVER—The vindication of my name is as dear to me as the blood that flows in my veins for my defender, a devoted, affectionate son. The conviction you entertain of my innocence is my consolation for years of agony and sorrow. Bless you, my dear and noble boy, for your confidence in your unhappy mother. The tears that stain the paper are those of gratitude, sweet joy and deep content. I dare not accede to your request of seeing me. I can never make myself known to you till my innocence of the foul charge so ungenerously plotted by my enemies is established; then with what pride-waiting transport—shall I at last be able to separate us, and acknowledge that in the test of sons, Heaven has reserved for me a recompense for all my sufferings."

"Wait patiently till then."

"Give the packet you write of in your letter to my bank. It will be quite safe in their hands. I will acknowledge its arrival through the same channel."

It was signed, "Your affectionate mother, ADELAIDE BRANDRETH."

The second letter, dated a few days later, was written violently in a state of great excitement; it was brief, and almost illegible:

"We shall meet, Oliver! Heaven will not permit me to descend to my grave without first embracing my son and blessing him for his filial love; patience a few weeks, perhaps; I see no reason to contemplate the joy—if the anticipation shakes me thus, what will the realization—kill me, perhaps—but I will not repine to breathe my last sigh in the arms of my noble, gallant boy."

"Dear Adelaide," said Mrs. Dalton, wiping aside her tears, "I can comprehend her feelings as she penned those lines. Poor George!"

This was an allusion to her brother.

"You think, then," exclaimed her nephew, eagerly, "that the packet sent by Sir Cuthbert Vane contained the proofs of my mother's innocence?"

"I feel assured it did," replied his aunt. "I know not only myself, but the strongest of the judgment. I was in the triumph, the fulness of her conviction that your mother wrote that letter."

Hitherto Isabel had been kept in ignorance of the fact that her cousin Oliver had a mother still living.

Mrs. Dalton thought that her daughter was now of an age when the circumstance ought to be disclosed to her, and from that day the fair girl and our hero discovered that an additional link had been added to the chain of sympathy between them. In their morning walks in the park they conversed of little else, and many were the sweet words of consolation his former playmate bestowed when he complained of the time that might still elapse before his dream wish would be gratified.

During his sojourn in Italy, Oliver Brandreth had frequently asked himself what peculiar spell rendered his heart insensible to the thrill of beauty. He now began to comprehend the reason—he had not forgotten Isabel. As a child she had secured an interest in his affection, which daily intercourse began to strengthen, till it bade fair to ripen into passion.

"I wonder how Phil felt when he first felt in love?" was a question that frequently suggested itself. "I must ask him when he returns."

Little did he imagine that it would be answered before that day arrived.

The observations of Mademoiselle Marelli on the impropriety of her former pupil being permitted to walk so frequently with her cousin, provoked an explanation.

On entering his aunt's boudoir, he found Isabel in tears, and her mother looking rather more seriously than was her wont.

"Asking the cause, his cousin hastily quitted the room."

"What has occurred?" he anxiously inquired.

"Nothing," replied Mrs. Dalton, evasively, "that is, nothing serious. Isabel should not pay any attention to such ridiculous nonsense. She is not usually so weak."

"Are you quite sure that it is weakness?" replied her nephew. "Come, aunt," he added, coaxingly, "you ought to have no secrets from me. Tell me all about it."

The lady shook her head.

"You won't?" said our hero. "I must ask my cousin, then."

"You must do nothing of the kind," said his aunt, intercepting him as he was about to quit the room. "Oliver, I request you will not."

"Why?" demanded the young man, with such evident surprise that his relative felt still more embarrassed.

"Because I—because I wish you not."

"I confess it is only a woman's reason," replied his relative with a smile.

"If you must know, mademoiselle—who doubtless means well—made some unpleasant remark upon your early walks with your cousin in the park—by the bye, Oliver, it will be quite as well to discontinue them—and Isabel was childish enough to feel hurt by them."

Her nephew quitted the boudoir without uttering a word.

"Am very glad I told him," thought Mrs. Dalton, who, with all her clear-sightedness, never suspected the existence of a thing stronger than brotherly and sisterly affection between the young people. "The world is so common to Mademoiselle; but it would have been better if she had spoken on the subject privately to me."

In less than half an hour the two cousins entered the boudoir together; the face of Isabel covered with blushes, the countenance of Oliver radiant with happiness and that honest pride which manhood feels when first it wins from woman the assurance of her love.

"I'm sure, mamma!" sobbed the agitated girl, throwing herself into the arms of Mrs. Dalton.

"What is the meaning of this?" exclaimed her mother. "You know, my love, I am not angry with you."

"Nor with me either, I trust?" exclaimed Oliver.

"Angry?" repeated his aunt. "Why should I be angry with you?"

"Because I have been told by you a portion of a treasure that has hitherto been wholly yours—the love of Isabel. For years you were a mother to me—treated me as such, and I was proud to be so treated. True, I brought her hand, I refused me to be named of one?"

Amid smiles and tears the consent thus asked for was given, or rather promised to be given, as the lady very judiciously added, at some very distant period.

When Captain Brandreth was informed of the engagement he eagerly approved of it. Strange to say, it had been the secret-cherished project of years with him, although he had never hinted it to his sister.

The accession to wealth and the peace he had not increased the happiness of the new Lord of Alton Towers so greatly as he anticipated. True, it brought independence; but the blessing was counterbalanced by the consciousness that it had fallen upon a bill of lading reputation. The world neither could nor would forget the dark career of Sir Aubrey Fairclough. The past rose like a spectre in his path, mocking the present. His skeleton finger tarnished the glitter of his coronet, his faded breath dimmed the lustre of his flag; there was no escaping from the taint, it penetrated through the ermine and velvet of his new dignity. Flatterers and parasites pronounced it a fine touch, relieving perfume, rather too strong a dash of the wild flower in it, perhaps, but still a perfume. Men of honor held their nostrils when they encountered it.

Since the death of his relative, the Chancellor had issued a fresh commission of the peace for the county, and for the first time for centuries, the name of Lord Alton Towers did not appear in it. The reproach stung him, and in a moment of anger he wrote to ask the cause.

The great legal functionary added to his mortification. The lords'hip informed him that he should be most happy to resign the commission whenever Lord Alton Towers had explained the very doubtful part he had acted in the imprisonment of his brother's widow in a madhouse, and the still more extraordinary circumstances attending the abduction of her infant child.

He was further informed that his conduct to his stepson, Philip Brandreth, appeared to the Chancellor to have been of a most questionable character.

"This is John Compton's doing," exclaimed the angry peer, as he dashed the letter upon the table where his unhappy wife was seated. "I was an idiot and a madman to marry into such a connection."

"Add that you were poor," observed the lady, quickly.

"Had the chain been all of iron," retorted her husband, with cruel sarcasm. "I never should have worn it."

"Have I deserved this?" said the unhappy woman, with difficulty suppressing her tears. "Have I ever refused one sacrifice you demanded?"

Except of your ridiculous, unfounded jealousy."

"Unfounded," Aubrey repeated with a sneer.

"Twas not the least of my offenses, madame," replied the libertine. "Were I disposed to quarrel with you, I might remind you that, contrary to my wishes, you have sent for that hideous negro, Sambo, to the castle; you know that I detest her!"

"I did not send for her," answered her ladyship, meekly; "the faithful creature heard of my arrival in England, and came—I will not say unwelcome, but certainly uninvited. She was my nurse, Aubrey—the nurse of my poor boy Phil—I could not refuse to see her."

"Having gratified your affectionate feelings," said her husband, with a sneer, "you had better send her back again."

"No."

"And yet you prate of obedience and sacrifice!"

"It might not be safe," observed his wife, lowering her voice almost to a whisper.

"Safe!" repeated the peer, changing color. "What is it you mean? Explain yourself, madame. Do you imagine for an instant that I am a spy?"

"No, Aubrey, no!" interrupted the unhappy woman, vehemently. "Although I have lost all hold upon your heart—indeed, I sometimes ask myself whether I ever really possessed any—and you are tired of my love, the dark suspicion never struck me. You are not capable of a crime like that."

"What did you mean by that, then?"

"Sambo regards your son with an air so puzzled, a look so singular, questions respecting his birth, that I know not how to answer her."

"Poor!" said his ladyship, impatiently; "mere gossip's curiosity, which you are blind enough to encourage by listening to it."

The pale countenance of Lady Alton Towers flashed at this coarse insult.

"Send her from the castle," he added, "at once."

"I will not," replied his wife, calmly.

"I will not! Will not madam! You forget yourself!"

"Will not!" she repeated; and, if the truth must be told, I dare not! To presence of the grandfather of your former mistress; the influence he exerts over the extraordinary affection he has conceived for your son; his hatred of myself—all terrify me. If a gipsy vagrant, as she added, "is a fitting guest at Alton Towers, the nurse of the mistress will not disgrace them."

"Why, Clara," examined her husband, affecting a hearty laugh, "you have surprised even my conception of the ridiculous. The poor old man perceives that you dislike him."

"The perception is mutual, then, my lord."

"His wife was my foster-mother," he added. "He is devotedly attached to me."

"I never quite loved his attachment to you," replied the lady. "It is like intention towards myself that I am doubtful of."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

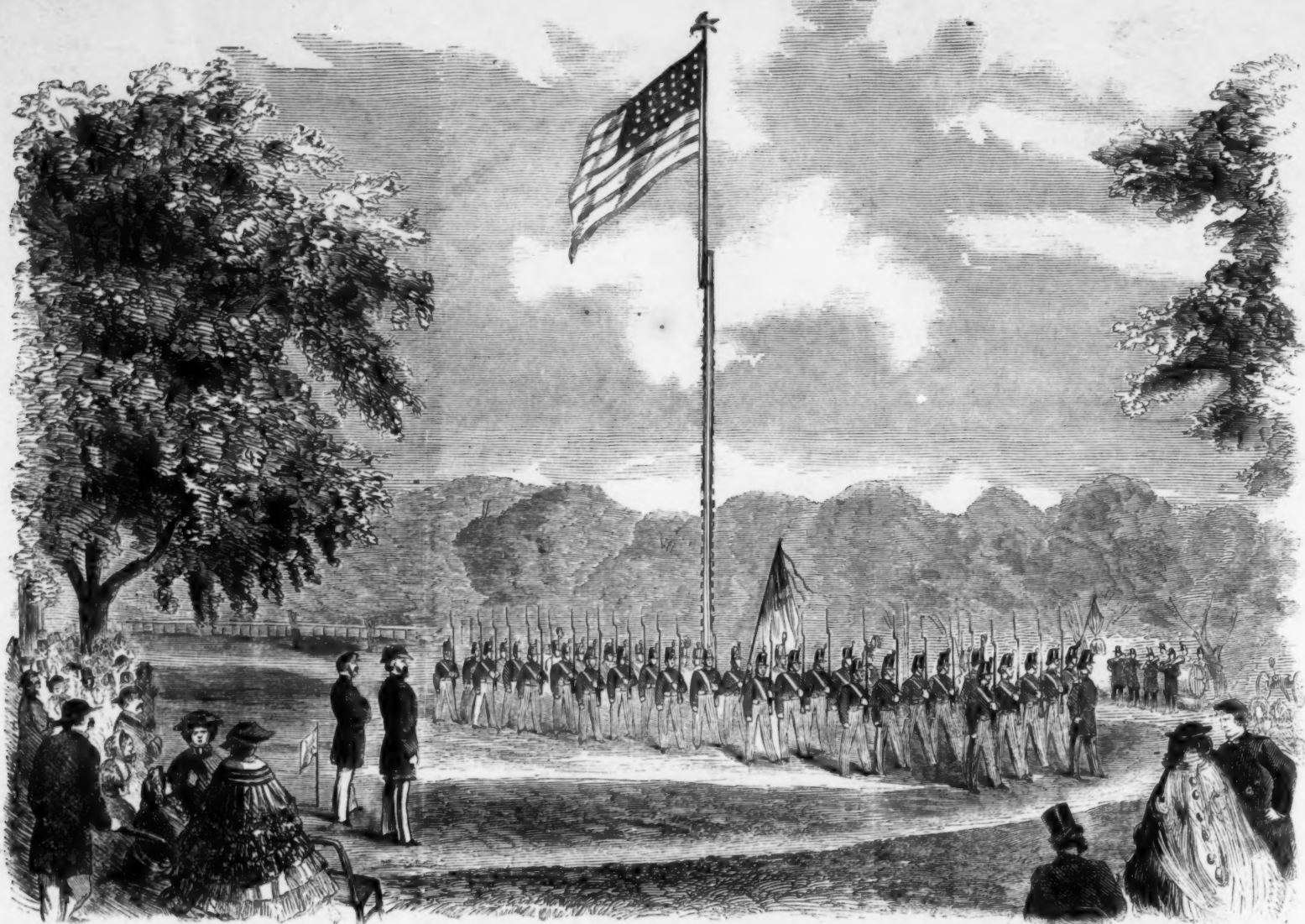
"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."

"This is folly—madness, madame!" cried the peer, in an angry tone, "of a piece with that insane jealousy which has been the bane of our wedded life."</



REVIEW OF THE CADETS AT MOUNT PLEASANT ACADEMY, SING SING, N. Y.

THE MOUNT PLEASANT ACADEMY AT SING SING, NEW YORK.

PROBABLY there is no more picturesque locality on the Hudson than Sing Sing, famous for its State Prison, the old State House upon the hill, its pleasing scenery, its camp-meetings and its educational enterprises. Situated at the widest point of the Hudson, nature's sunniest smiles and balmy breezes play gently

upon the well-relieved scenery; and the gorgeous upland, the perfected country seats, the hill and dale blend in a harmony that touches the soul of every lover of beauty.

In addition to these, the Mount Pleasant Academy, a boarding-school for boys, is a most notable and interesting feature. It is situated in a position unsurpassed in points of convenience, and healthy and picturesque surroundings. Overlooking the unequalled Palisades and a broad expanse of the Hudson, and

perfect in its inner appointments, it combines every ornament as well as utility calculated for its adaptation to its proper purpose.

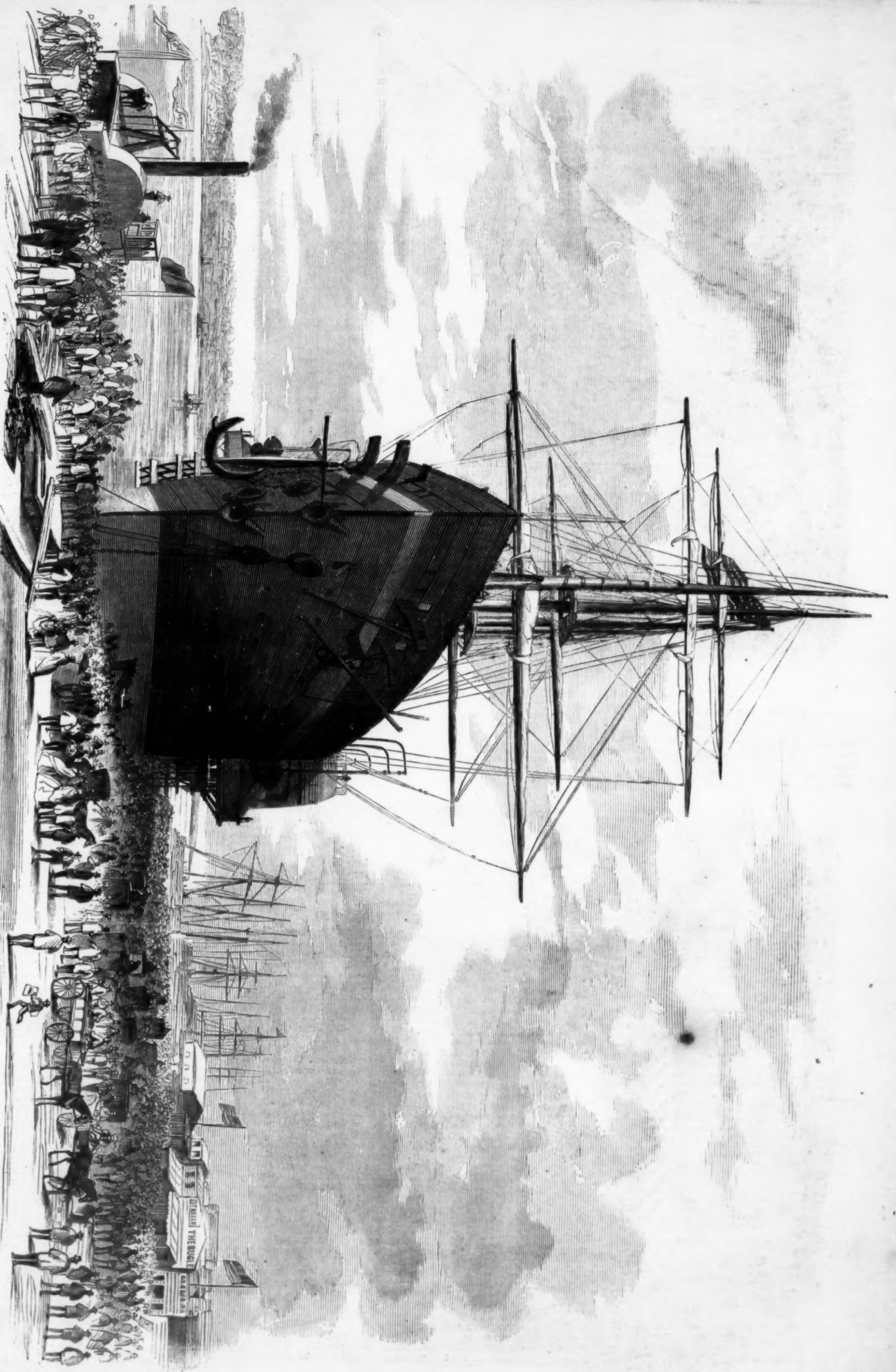
In addition to an extensive course of academic instruction, including the Latin, Greek, French, German and Spanish languages, military exercises form a portion of the system. Believing in the undeniable necessity of preserving a proper equipoise of the physical with the mental strength, the talented principals,

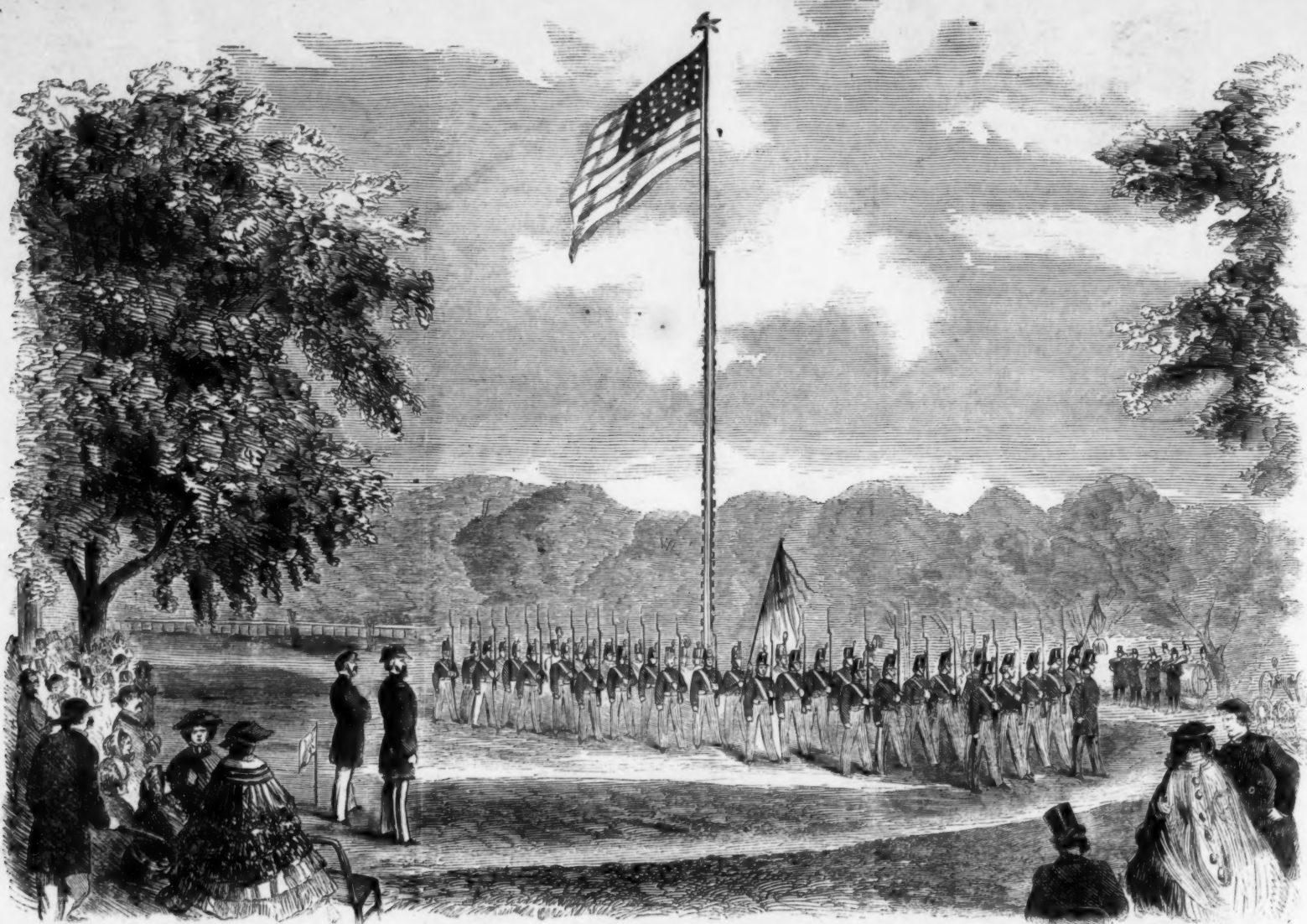
(Continued on page 122.)



HORRIBLE ASSASSINATION OF JOHN WATTS MATTHEWS, NEAR SIXTEENTH STREET AND IRVING PLACE, ON SATURDAY NIGHT, JUNE 30TH, BY THE SAME UNKNOWN MAN WHO SHOT JOHN WALTON.

ARRIVAL OF THE GREAT EASTERN AT HER DOCK, BETWEEN BANK AND HAMOND STREETS, NORTH RIVER, N. Y., ON THE EVENING OF JUNE 28th.—See Page 122.





REVIEW OF THE CADETS AT MOUNT PLEASANT ACADEMY, SING SING, N. Y.

THE MOUNT PLEASANT ACADEMY AT SING SING, NEW YORK.

PROBABLY there is no more picturesque locality on the Hudson than Sing Sing, famous for its State Prison, the old State House upon the hill, its pleasing scenery, its camp-meetings and its educational enterprises. Situated at the widest point of the Hudson, nature's sunniest smiles and balmy breezes play gently

upon the well-relieved scenery; and the gorgeous upland, the perfected country seats, the hill and dale blend in a harmony that touches the soul of every lover of beauty.

In addition to these, the Mount Pleasant Academy, a boarding-school for boys, is a most notable and interesting feature. It is situated in a position unsurpassed in points of convenience, and healthy and picturesque surroundings. Overlooking the unequalled Palisades and a broad expanse of the Hudson, and

perfect in its inner appointments, it combines every ornament as well as utility calculated for its adaptation to its proper purpose.

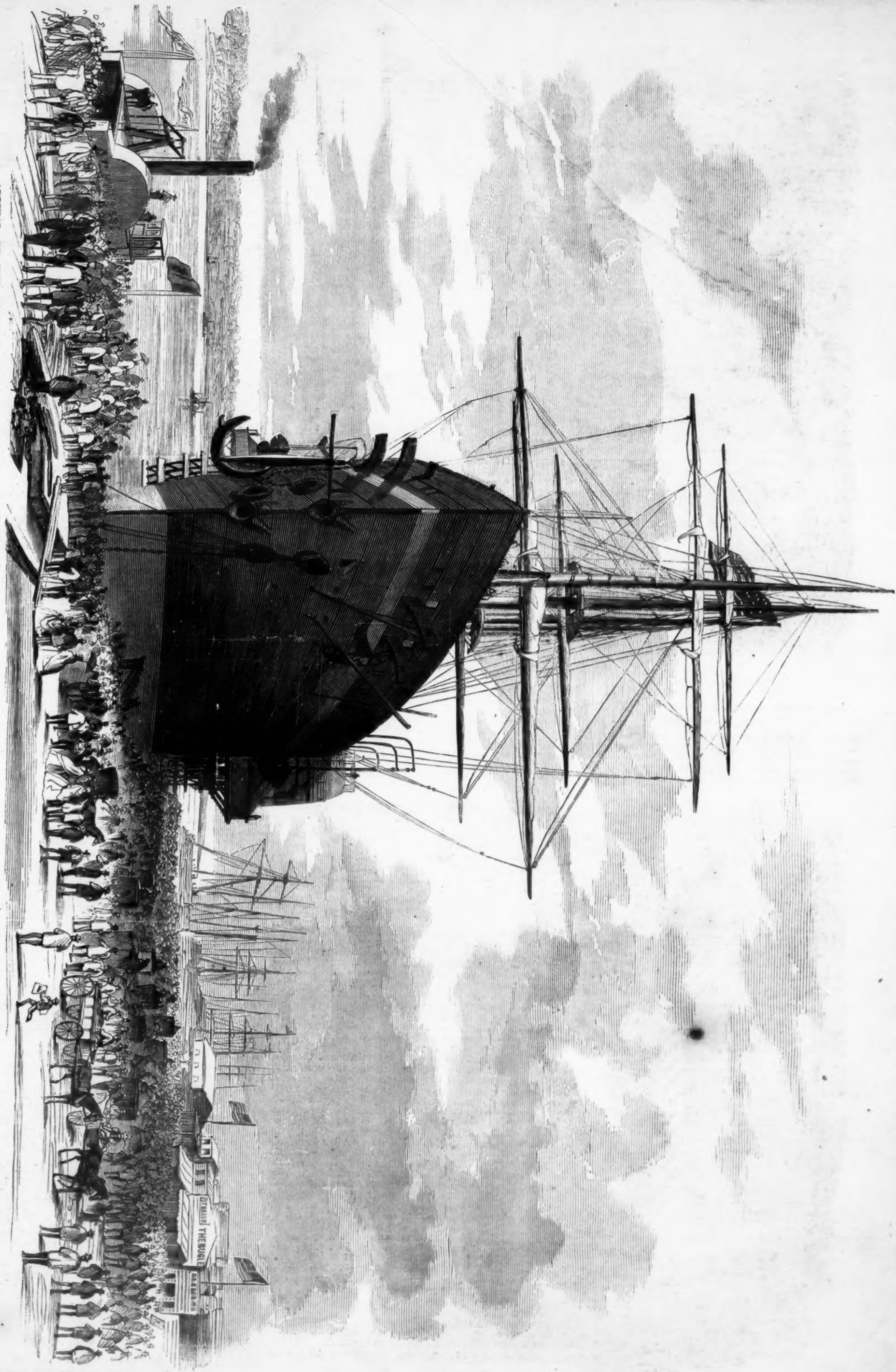
In addition to an extensive course of academic instruction, including the Latin, Greek, French, German and Spanish languages, military exercises form a portion of the system. Believing in the undeniable necessity of preserving a proper equipoise of the physical with the mental strength, the talented principals,

(Continued on page 122.)



MORRIBLE ASSASSINATION OF JOHN WATTS MATTHEWS, NEAR SIXTEENTH STREET AND IRVING PLACE, ON SATURDAY NIGHT, JUNE 30TH, BY THE SAME UNKNOWN MAN WHO SHOT JOHN WALTON.

ARRIVAL OF THE GREAT EASTERN AT HER DOCK, BETWEEN BANK AND HAMMOND STREETS, NORTH RIVER, N. Y., ON THE EVENING OF JUNE 28TH.—SEE PAGE 122.



MOUNT PLEASANT ACADEMY.

(Continued from page 120.)

Major W. W. Benjamin and Professor Z. M. Phelps, with a commendable exercise of incessant labor and care for their pupils, during the relief of the latter from studious duties, recommend their application to physical development, a course that every one of sedentary habits can thoroughly recommend and appreciate.

The Academy is furnished with every contingency that could be considered as all desirable. There is a well selected and valuable library of some two thousand volumes, a well studied riding school, fine lawns, large parade and playgrounds, a highly ornamental garden, an excellent gymnasium, and, in the house department, every necessary accommodation.

We had the pleasure of being present at the closing parade of the term, on Thursday, the 28th ult. The miniature army, in their neat uniform of white pants, blue jacket and military hat, and organized as a regiment of four companies, marched to the parade ground at five o'clock, accompanied by Wallace's brass band. After forming in line of battle, and the customary ceremonies of escorting and saluting the colors by the First Company, the corps was reviewed by Colonel Lefferts, the accomplished commander of the Seventh Regiment, who was strong in his expressions of commendation of the ability evinced by the Cadets, as well as the strong proofs evinced of Major Benjamin's talents as a superior tactician.

After the review, the corps went through with the various manoeuvres of the line; the different formations from line into column and from column into line, including the square—marching in column of platoons, column of companies, and in line of battle, in common quick and double quick time, and the various evolutions by battalion and companies. After this, the first three companies were deployed as skirmishers, the fourth acting as a reserve. This was a grand feature of the occasion. Scattered over a large portion of the parade-ground, and commanded solely by signals from the bugle, these little soldiers went through this exercise in a manner that would have done credit to the French light troops—sometimes lying flat upon the ground and loading and firing in that position with the greatest rapidity—sometimes retreating in double quick time, advancing to meet an imaginary enemy—again rallying in squads of fours or eights, and charging against cavalry—deploying in two ranks, rallying on the reserve, &c., &c., all done with the greatest order and precision.

Next followed the ceremony of dress parade, including the reading of the General Order by the Adjutant, in the course of which, in most affecting and affectionately advising terms, the principals bade a brief farewell to some and a regretful one to others of their pupils. Many of the students received honorable mention for the manner in which they had distinguished themselves in their various studies at the recent examination.

After the close of the infantry drill, the artillery squads, three in number, formed in the armory, donned red shirts, marched to their respective fieldpieces and fired federal salutes. The perfect manner in which the youth manoeuvred, dismounted and fired their cannon, quite astonished all who witnessed it.

The command was as follows: Major, W. W. Benjamin; Adjutant, M. D. Wheeler; 1st Captain, J. S. Zacharie; 2d, C. P. Brown; 3d, W. F. Hall; 4th, G. F. Ward; Lieutenant, 1st Company, H. de B. Clay; 2d, W. Graham; 3d, W. Henriques; 4th, M. Jones. The Major and Adjutant were mounted.

All the military evolutions were made in such manner and finish as to elicit the highest commendation and praise of a large attendance, which, besides many elements of the fashion, talent, and elite of Sing Sing and neighboring localities, parents of students, and visitors from far and near, comprised Brigadier-General Sherman, General Ward, Colonel Hunt, Major Swain, and several cadets from West Point.

The celebration of the day closed with a *soirée* in the evening, at which the beauty and fashion of the land were well represented.

Altogether, this closing parade was an elegant spectacle, and reflects much credit upon Major Benjamin and Professor Phelps, who are assisted in their effectual and untiring educational efforts by a large corps of talented auxiliaries.

ON BOARD THE GREAT EASTERN.

SOUTHAMPTON WATER, JUNE 16, 1860.

If you were to ask me how long time would be required to insert views of all the sections, rooms, machinery and outward form of the Great Eastern in the Illustrated, I should say about one gross half of each number for one hundred weeks. Today is a great day in Southampton. Excursion trains are coming in from all directions, bringing their thousands to see the great ship take her departure for America. The small steamers of the harbor have already brought off several loads of sight-seers, and now it is only a quarter-past ten, and the ship is at four. Since I was last on board, at the time of the first trial trip, save at very great improvements have been made in the ship—externally and internally—both in an artistic and in a substantial point of view. The saloons and passages have been painted and gilded, in imitation of curl maple; and the large double dining saloon has had the girders painted in stripes of white, red and blue, giving it something of the rainbow hues possessed by the gates of Eden. Except for the long rows of formidable rivets in all the partitions, you would suppose a fair amount of you to ordinary cabinet work. Next to the great amount of space and vast size of the rooms, what strikes one most is the square and perpendicular form of all the walls, partitions and sides of the ship, outside and in. The dining saloons are two rectangles, about twenty feet long each, by some forty in width, and to the eye, fifteen or sixteen feet high. Nowhere do you observe the curved boundaries and the crumpled spaces, or the bull's-eye windows so conspicuous in all vessels of more moderate dimensions. Except the form of the windows overhead there is nothing to remind you that you are on board a ship, the whole scene being more like some vast and newly erected, or newly furnished for the accommodation of some lordly manor, owned by a feudal lord, with a retinue of five thousand retainers. The outside of the vessel, for several hundred feet upwards, is a perpendicular wall nearly forty feet high, and looking like some massive iron fortification.

It is only, however, when you go into the "grand saloon" that you are at all with all the gorgeous magnificence of the arts of the painter and architect. Vast mirrors, nearly ten feet square, gorgeous paintings, representing by a couple of paddling men on the sea in beautiful shells, and on the backs of elephants, and com. of them with branches of coral and other conchological wonders that have been fished up from the great deep. And by the way, one or two of these last latter bear visible evidence, in their splashed countenances, of the fearful explosion of which this same gorgeous saloon was the scene in October last. The walls are papered or finished in pale white and embossed gold, the gilt figures of fruit, flowers, leaves, &c., being raised in strong relief. The ceilings are the richest crimson satin. At one end of the saloon two little niches afford room for a small and select library of popular books, numbering some one hundred and fifty or two hundred volumes, bound in full gilt, to correspond with the magnificence of the apartment. The carpet is a rich Venetian red, with a small figure of green and orange. The tables appear to be either of black walnut or of oak, and covered with crimson cloths. This is not a dining saloon, but will be used as a parlour or drawing-room. There are in this grand saloon twelve mirrors that will average nearly or quite ten feet square, or one a hundred square feet in each. Adjoining is another small saloon—a sort of small drawing-room—about one-third the size, but of the same height, and furnished exactly like the larger one. In this are two niches, also for libraries, making in all between three hundred and four hundred volumes. Among the books I noticed the novels of Cooper, Scott, Bulwer, Thackeray, Dickens, Lam's (poor fellow just dead at V. Nice), Margaret, Bunce, Ann, worth, Lever, Eggar, Uncle Tom Stowe, with the practical works of Shakespeare, Scott, Byron and others, with old volumes of interest, "Half Hours," "National Cyclopædia," "Curiosities of Literature," "Goldsmith's Works," "Pope's Works," "Madame d'Arbigny," "Life of Stephen," &c., &c., &c. I noticed the works of Irving and Hawthorne. A trace of the detailed description. Your artists will be on board with pencil in hand and a camera as you receive this hastily written act, and when you see the ship you will see, Mr. Editor, you will say as the Queen of Sheba said to Solomon, that the one-half has not been told you, no, nor will any description, aided even so much by illustrations, give one an adequate idea of this Eighth Wonder of the World—the Great Eastern Steamer.

THE VOYAGE OF THE GREAT EASTERN FROM SOUTHAMPTON TO NEW YORK.

THE curiosity of the public was excited on the morning of the 27th June, by a telegraphic announcement from Sandy Hook that the long and anxiously-expected steam wonder of England was approaching the harbor of New York. A later telegraph dissipated the illusion, by substituting the Northern Light for the Great Eastern. The next morning, however, made amends for the disappointment, for at eight o'clock in the morning the famous vessel cast anchor near Sandy Hook, to wait the top of the tide, when she could pass over the bar. Great was the commotion this simple announcement occasioned. A general stampede to the Battery commenced, steamboats started to meet her, and we de patched our corps of artists in Grinnell, Mintum & Co.'s steam tug to sketch the inspiring scene, and record every incident of interest. A rapid glance at the distance from Southampton to New York, about three thousand two hundred miles, and the time she has been on her voyage, about eleven days, is sufficient evidence that her average speed will equal that of any vessel afloat.

She did not leave on the 16th, as was expected, but on Sunday, the 17th, at ten o'clock A.M. She left the Needles at that hour, and we need hardly say that the prayers and good wishes of millions accompanied her on her pathway over the great ocean.

With the exception of two days, she had fine weather during the whole passage.

She steamed the entire passage, ranging from two hundred and fifty-four to three hundred and thirty-three miles per twenty-four hours.

Her engines were not stopped until she was off George's Shoal for soundings.

She came in a route south-east, direct to the light-ship, where she was boarded by the ship news collector and Mr. John Van Dusen, of pilot-boat Washington, No. 4, a business partner of Mr. Murphy, who went to Southampton for the ship.

She was received, on reaching the light-ship, by Captain Cosgrove, with a salute and the dipping of colors, and, as the mist blew away, all the vessels in sight set their bunting and cheered her.

The following are the number of miles made per day:

Date.	Lat. N.	Long. W.	Distance made.
June 18.....	49 27	7 54	300
19.....	48 41	16 12	340
20.....	47 40	22 54	276
21.....	46 16	30 03	304
22.....	44 50	36 14	276
23.....	42 50	42 40	301
24.....	41 01	48 50	299
25.....	40 58	56 10	325
26.....	40 58	63 31	333
27.....	40 13	68 56	254
28.....	—	—	—

There were thirty-eight passengers and eight guests, all in the best of health, and have been so during the entire voyage, which has been a particularly fine one, and full of interest.

LIST OF PASSENGERS.—Gen. Watkins, Col. Harrison, Maj. T. Balfour, Capt. Drummond, Capt. Carnegie, Capt. McKinnon, Capt. Morison, R.N., Capt. Coryton, R.N., Mr. and Mrs. Gough, Mr. F. Simpson, Rev. M. Loutrey, Mr. G. D. Brooks, Mr. H. Merrifield, Mr. H. Wells, Mr. M. Juraeloff, Professor Deresford, Mr. N. E. Taylor, Mr. N. S. Russell, Mr. J. E. Skinner, Mr. M. Murphy, Mr. G. Wilkes, Mr. N. A. Woods, Mr. T. E. McKenzie, Mr. & Mrs. Stanthorpe, Miss Herbert, Mr. Barber, Mr. C. H. Field, Mr. R. Moron, Mr. G. Hawkins, Mr. T. Hubbard, Mr. W. Samuel Taylor, Mr. C. H. Mann, Mr. W. Lane, Mr. J. Juraeloff, Mr. D. Kennedy, Mr. Z. Colborne, Mr. J. S. Oakford, Mr. A. Holley.

It has demonstrated the Great Eastern's superiority as a sea-going vessel, and the excellence and reliability of her machinery.

The highest rate of speed was fourteen and a half knots. The ship's bottom is very foul, and an allowance of at least two knots an hour should be made on that account.

The distance from Southampton as usually steamed is three thousand one hundred and ninety miles, but to avoid the ice, she went further south.

Various good accounts of the voyage, written by those who had the good fortune to come over in her, have appeared in the daily and weekly papers. We present some of the brilliant sketches from the pen of Tubal Cain, the able correspondent of the New York Daily Times:

The First Day of the Trip.

Very early in the morning, the long lines of sailors and firemen on deck, finally answering to their names, the tug alongside to slip our cables for us, the smoking chimneys, and the safety-valve pipes, with their white feathers of steam, gave sign of final starting. But the leaden sky, and a half gale from the N. N. E., were not so promising. The lower ends of the cables forming the moorings, were finally secured to the tug under our bow, the pins knocked out, and at three minutes before eight o'clock the ship was adrift. The tide was running up, but the contrary winds kept the ship's stern down so that she stood square across the channel. But a forestay sail soon brought her head round, and twelve minutes after eight the engines were started, and the monster struck out for the New World. The lead was kept going from both sponsons—every officer was at his post—the pilot, with anxious eye, was measuring again the well-known distance and penetrating the mist for fresh landmarks—but the great hulk needed only a look, and followed the wave of his hand through the windings of the Channel. At 8.45 we were abreast Cowes, at 9.45 we returned a salute from Hurst Castle, and at three minutes before ten we passed the Needles. The pilot, whose little boat was on the davits alongside, accompanied by Mr. Bereton, the Company's Engineer, and another gentleman, soon after left us, causing a delay of eleven minutes, and at 10.57 the ship was fairly on her course. The great voyage was really begun. In Freshwater Bay, just east of the Needles, was a troop-ship ashore, where she had been driven by the night's gale—a decidedly cheerless sight.

But the grace with which the leviathan got her huge body under way—the apparently remarkable ease with which she obeyed her rudder like any other leviathan of the deep, and the noiseless regularity—almost instinct—with which her giant fins struck out for deep water, was the promising feature of our embarkation. Portland Bill was passed at 12.40 P. M., Start Point at 5.30, and Eddystone lighthouse at 7.45. The afternoon was rainy with a wholesome N. N. W., and then a light W. S. W. breeze. The evening was remarkably fine. The ship had run out of the leaden clouds which still hung over the eastern horizon into that peculiar clearness and freshness of atmosphere which sometimes succeeds a season of storm, the bold, dark headlands on our beam, stretching far westward into a soft, blue ribbon of distant coast, splendidly contrasting with the smooth, deep water, and the golden brightness of the western sky. The whole circuit of vision was alive with sails. Twenty-three craft, two of them steamers, were visible from the paddle-boxes. Shortly afterward nineteen sail, the nearest of them rosy with the light of a glorious sunset, were in sight on our starboard bow. The night was quite calm and passed away without incident.

The morning of the 18th was truly magnificent. The air was clear and warm, and the wind very light N. N. W., and afterwards S. E., the sea being perfectly placid for an hour or more—a rolling swell without wind or wave—dimples of every shape

and size, gloriously blue, but without a ripple. Passing a ship near enough for a salute, our neighbor showed her numbers, whereby we might ascertain her name. A return of the compliment was hardly necessary on our part, for what benighted Down Easter would fail to recognise the Great Eastern? How magnificently we must have appeared from her deck, with our tremendous bulk and five belching chimneys, can only be imagined.

Second Day.

The wind steadily increasing. The ship began to roll slightly, not enough to be noticed without special observation. An ordinary ship would, of course, have rolled quite decidedly. At three P. M. it became cloudy, and at 5.30 it began to rain. Both wind and rain increased, and by nine o'clock the meteorological aspect of things was disagreeable. The wind had shifted more to the northward, so that the square sails on the foremast would not fill well; and at ten the foresail and comparatively light foretopgallantsail were taken in. But the great foretop-sail, away up so high from the water—that extra thick and tremendous expanse of canvas, flapping in the fierce gale—was not so tractable, and the whole night was spent by an army of sailors, quite unused to such dimensions, and a little nervous, withal, in furling it. The running rigging does not work as smoothly as it doubtless will in time. The sailors say that the American fashion of rigging works much more easily, and will enable fewer men to do the work, as more of it is done from the deck. It may also be remarked that the men do not so far work particularly fast or in concert. About twelve knots an hour were made by log all night. It is probable that the aid by sail is not as great as the wind will allow, but no one questions the propriety of not spreading too much when the wind is likely to haul to the westward, and while the sails are yet not easily managed.

Although the sea had not risen to a great height, nor the wind to that degree of ferocity for which the North Atlantic is famous, yet the scene on deck about one o'clock was truly terrific. The wind was hard upon the precincts of a gale, and the ship was rolling, as nearly as could be estimated in the darkness, some eighteen degrees to leeward—a very moderate and easy, but still decided roll, the blackness of the darkness, the howling and shrieking of the wind through the forest of spars and ropes, the blinding rain, the shouting of a hundred sailors away upon the foretop-sail yard and the neighboring spars, tugging at the stubborn canvas, the thundering of the loosened sails, the dingy figures of men clambering up and down the shrouds—the very fact that the great spar, as high as a church steeple, hanging far over the yawning waves, was crowded with human beings—all this on such a ship and on such an occasion, caused not a little nervousness on the part of the timid, and considerable enthusiasm on the part of your correspondent. But the unpoetical sailors laconically denominated this interesting occasion as simply a "nasty night," while the most noble vessel did but relish a little north-easterly breeze, as she left the regularly run knots behind her.

Another little accident in the middle of the night was pronounced by those whom it awakened out of dreams of shipwreck as peculiarly stirring. Some hundreds of empty ale-bottles broke loose from their moorings, and came down on the paved floor of the passage between the fore and aft saloons with a crash which reverberated through the iron caverns "as if the whole engine had been ripped right out of her," as one of the witnesses of the wreck graphically described it.

Third Day.

The weather is very fine. A considerable swell for other ships, rolled this one to a degree hardly noticeable to persons not looking for it. The pitching has not been perceived since we started, except by specially watching for it, and pitching is the motion of all others which causes sea-sickness. The real height of the swells can only be seen from the sponsons, such is the height of the deck. During our half gale, or gale, as it may be called out of sailor's hearing, no person experienced these disagreeable sensations at all, except one young man of seventeen, who had never been at sea before. His indisposition, however, did not keep him from the table. There is no disagreement among us all about the fact that in a small ship every passenger would have experienced the extremest sea-sickness on the night of the 18th if at all on the trip.

Our small company—forty-two passengers—is quite lost on this huge vessel. It is a very easy matter to take a lonely and contemplative walk, these fine summer evenings, about our acre of dooryard, for such is the area of our playground. The sponson beams or guards seem to be the favorite places of resort; they will well hold all of us. Standing fifteen feet outside of the vessel, and watching her giant bulk gliding through the sea, which she scarcely seems to ripple, is a sight so decidedly indescribable that I would advise your readers not to be content till they witness it.

Fourth Day.

The great subject of conversation among the passengers is the speed of the ship. I can hardly compute the amount of wine wagered on every side of every question concerning it. The passengers are beginning to get into thick weather about the inconsistency of the reckoning for the last few days, and since bets are therefore a matter of the merest guessing, their latitude and longitude is amusing. The runs for the last three days being posted as respectively three hundred, three hundred and forty and two hundred and seventy-six knots, bets were offered and taken that to-day's run will not exceed three hundred and sixty, three hundred and forty, three hundred and thirty, and even three hundred and ten. Two to one is offered and taken that she will not arrive at Sandy Hook on Tuesday, p.m., four to one that she will not arrive on Tuesday noon; and there is plenty of champagne pending as to her arriving Wednesday morning and Wednesday afternoon. Comparatively, I am happy to state, the Adriatic is talked of as the ship of the day. The Persia and Vanderbilt are merely referred to in respectful remembrance. The Adriatic left Cowes on Wednesday, and is on our track. Whole vineyards are expected to change hands, both if she does and does not make a better passage than the Great Eastern. The whole question of the Great Eastern's speed, however, will be considered in another part of my letter.

Several vessels have been visible on the horizon. One large ship, with all sail set, came within hailing distance, a fine sight per se, but we are so very much finer we fancy that we do not condescend to enjoy it. One small vessel appeared for a few moments on our port bow, and then vanished out of sight. A remarkably fleet young man observed, that in her skipper's log might be found inscribed: "Latitude what-you-may-call-it N., Longitude so-and-so W., passed a large volcanic island bearing N. E., in a state of violent eruption—five craters. Strong easterly current of sudden origin drifted us rapidly out of sight." That some of the Down Easters have seen the sea serpent now, there can be no question. At six P. M. the sky became overcast and looked "blowy," and before dark a breeze sprang up from the S. W. which brought showers and filled our sails all night.

I wish I could give an exact picture of our grand saloon and the adjacent ladies' saloon at evening. It closely resembles a suite of brilliant apartments in a great metropolitan hotel, with gentlemen, and I regret to say, too few ladies, lounging on its elegant sofas, gazing at its beautiful decorations, and listening to excellent amateur and professional music. Two professors of

the art are discoursing most excellent melody with piano and bugle, while our captain, an elegant performer on the flute, is loudly cheered when he takes his turn at a considerably smaller variety of wind instrument than the foretopsal which engrossed his not less earnest attention a few evenings ago. Several of our company are good vocalists, and on the whole the musical department of our entertainment is decidedly in keeping. Let us fancy the three other suites of saloons in this floating hotel, decorated, lighted, peopled and enlivened by music and dancing, before we fill up the scene in our imaginations.

During the fifth and sixth days nothing of importance occurred, except that on the sixth day, an exciting race for the championship of both hemispheres occurred before dinner—a quarter of a mile or once round the deck. The lion was victorious. One sovereign was pocketed by the winner of the belt, and large sums are said to have changed hands.

Seventh Day.

Another race for the championship of the world occurred this afternoon between a porpoise and the Great Eastern, over one minute of longitude. The latter contestant overhauled a school of the former, which, being let out early, was very frisky. After a little by-play and some sparring, one of the P's advanced boldly to the bow of the Great Eastern, sprang about fifteen feet out of water, stopping his propeller very cleverly in the meantime, thus preventing his engines from racing, and took the lead in graceful style. Both men were in fine condition; Great Eastern was a little the heavier of the two. Great Eastern attempted the former evolution, but was unsuccessful. Two to one was offered and taken on porpoise, whose full-powered propeller was in fine working order. Great Eastern came in strong with side fins, and for five minutes it was neck and neck between them. It was suspected that porpoise had the better footing, and it should be remarked to their shame, that nobody from the stand went out to examine the ground. Porpoise wasted his strength in terrific leaps; Great Eastern kept to his work and gained steadily, giving porpoise a brush on the port quarter with his fore foot, and, in spite of a foul bottom, drove him fairly off the course. The school here broke into the ring, and great confusion followed. Porpoise, on leaving the ground, appeared very fresh, and ran a quarter of a mile, leaping (not over a fence) some yards, and was taken off the ground by his backers. Similar belts will be awarded to each.

Eighth Day of the Trip.

The fine northerly breeze died away during the afternoon and evening, and the large spread of sail was gradually furled, as it ceased to aid the ship's locomotion. The night was nearly calm.

It may be asked, "What do you do all day—you few, no longer adventurous, but thrice fortunate—on the big ship?" That's not so easily answered. Ask a guest of the Fifth Avenue Hotel what his fellow guests do all day—however few they may be. Well, as for the No. 18, G. S. Port side people, their "walk" is one perpetual tramp over the ship, and through the engine-rooms and stoke-holes; and their "conversation" a never-ending discussion, and note-making and elaborating as to the things done therein. Before breakfast, half-past eight o'clock, the early risers get up an appetite by walking nearly down town and back. After that interesting event all hands go about their various pursuits, as in other hotels and ships, save that the great element of space separates us all—out of sight and hearing—for the whole forenoon. Young America destroys innumerable cigars, and discusses the speed of all things, from horses to ships and locomotives, in the smoking-room; old travellers read, observe and ask questions in the most unmoved and thorough-going manner; novices tramp up and down, always excited and in a hurry; the old military and naval people talk over battles and victories, and the hearty English element plays skittles in a vacant lot somewhere, which has been partially reclaimed and roofed in. There is always somebody counting the revolutions, always somebody looking over the extreme bow; here is an old fellow asleep in the sun—there is a knot of people discussing momentous events in the saloon—here are admiring adventurers on the sponsons, sometimes away outside of the centre of the paddle wheel, looking in through the iron lattice at the tremendous expanse of red arms as they appear to roll over the water. Many read and write in their spacious state-rooms. Others never cease exploring the vast storehouses away down below. Some are on the continual look-out for vessels, with their glasses slung over their shoulders. Gymnastic feats, foot races, and, in short, all sorts of pursuits, from uproarious hilarity to solemn and undisturbed seaside contemplation, are the order of the day. The passage, as a passage, is tame and monotonous, but the universal acquaintance and good-fellowship of the occasion, and the never ceasing entertainment afforded by the vastness, detail and real comfort of the ship itself, render the trip one of the most agreeable ever undertaken to the whole company.

The ninth day was passed without anything new or strange occurring.

The Tenth Day.

On this day the passengers had a meeting, J. S. Oakford, Esq., being called to the chair, where the following letter was addressed to Captain Vine Hall:

Great Eastern, Wednesday, June 27, 1860.

To CAPT. JOHN VINE HALL.

Dear Sir—We, the undersigned passengers, who have the honor of being the first to cross the Atlantic in your magnificent vessel, cannot now, at the conclusion of our pleasant voyage, separate without expressing our opinion of the great merits of this triumph of engineering skill and naval architecture.

Our voyage, though fine, has yet (as is generally case with Atlantic passages) been sufficiently checked with rough weather to demonstrate that, in point of seaworthiness, the Great Eastern has no equal in the world. We are aware that the incredulity and prejudice which oppose all great undertakings when first attempted, have been manifested to an almost unusual extent against this noble vessel. On no point has this feeling been more strongly shown than in doubts as to her manageability at sea. Her conduct during the brief storm of the 18th and 19th inst. should set all such fears, if any still exist after this voyage, at rest for ever.

Her movements, even when the gale was strongest, were slow and easy, and at all times so much less than the best sea-going steamers as to be quite removed from any standard of comparison. Those who know by experience what an Atlantic passage really is, will appreciate the high praise bestowed when we express our belief that the Great Eastern is, in accommodation, safety and freedom from disturbing motion, as much superior to ordinary vessels as she surpasses them in magnitude and power.

The supposed necessity of working her engines at a lower rate of speed for some days has prevented her effecting that rapid passage which we are convinced she can easily accomplish. Yet, from what we have seen, we express our firm belief that the Great Eastern, in proper trim, is capable of making greater speed than has yet been attained at sea. Such a result will be due, not more to her unequalled form than to the efficiency and power of her engines. That the latter will always be found equal to their duty is evidenced by the fact that during the whole of our run from Southampton to New York they have worked with the utmost ease and steadiness, never requiring even one moment's stoppage for the alteration or adjustment of anything.

We fully appreciate the anxious vigilance which has been experienced by yourself and your officers in all relating to the safety of the ship and the general comfort of the passengers.

In taking leave of you, we most heartily wish every success to yourself and the noble vessel which you have the distinguished honor to command, and remain, dear sir, yours faithfully,

Here follow the names of the passengers, which we have already given. Captain Hall replied as follows:

Steamship Great Eastern, off Sandy Hook, Thursday, June 28, 1860.

J. S. OAKFORD, Esq., Chairman of Meeting of Passengers, &c.

Dear Sir—I am very highly gratified with the comprehensive and expressive address which you have just presented to me from the passengers.

I value it the more as it so simply, yet justly, points out the peculiar excellencies of the Great Eastern, being at the same time free from undue panegyric, and stating only facts, and opinions based upon these facts.

The expression of satisfaction at the endeavors of my officers and self to promote the comfort and safety of the ship is, and will continue to be, highly appreciated by us. In return, we beg to thank you, on behalf of the passengers, for the unvarying courtesies we have received from them, and only regret that our acquaintance should be so short.

With the best wishes for the happiness and prosperity of every one among the present passengers, the select few who were not to have practical faith in the great ship,

I remain, dear sir, with much esteem,

Yours faithfully,

JOHN VINE HALL.

At 6.30 the Navesink Highlands were discerned through the hazy horizon. The Great Eastern had sighted the New World. At 7.20 she passed the light-ship, and the voyage was substantially ended. The actual time of the passage, without deducting detentions, was eleven days and two hours—the apparent time being ten days twenty-one hours. The newsboat people came aboard shortly after, bringing Monday's *Times*. The day is warm, calm and magnificent, as the great ship lies off the bar—the splendid picture before hundreds of admiring eyes. The grand ship's lottery, arranged some days since, was decided by the time of passing the light-ship. One of the officers, I am happy to state, drew the prize, \$120.

The above is a condensed account of the first passage of the monster steamship over the great ocean. It is hardly necessary to state that she excites the greatest curiosity, thousands of persons crowding the docks from morning till night.

The masterly manner in which the monster steamer was handled by her capable pilot, from the time she weighed anchor outside the Hook until she turned her huge proportions in the North River, and came to her dock between Bank and Hammond streets, with the docility and gentleness of a very little boat, was the theme of general admiration. New York may well be proud of her Sandy Hook pilots.

On Tuesday last she was opened to the public, but the admission price was fixed at a dollar, consequently but a limited number availed themselves of the opportunity. Barnum's suggestion of two ladies' days per week at fifty cents admission, and the other days at twenty-five cents is valuable, and will meet with general approval. It will have to come to this in the end, or the exhibition will be a failure.

THE NATION'S BIRTHDAY.

On Wednesday, the eighty-fourth anniversary of our natal day as a Republic was celebrated. We need not dilate upon the wonderful display of fireworks, and the omnipresent smell of gunpowder. It was a widespread storming of the Malakoff of quiet everywhere. Britishers armed with large whisks looked savagely and despondent, despite the presence of the Great Eastern, and the American Eagle was in full feather. But it is useless to describe what everybody knows, and the sound of which is still reverberating in their ears.

At an early hour the national salute announced that the great day had arrived, and every man, woman and child began to put their crackers in order.

The Military.

The display of military was excellent, the First Division N.Y.S.M. participating in the celebration of our national anniversary. In accordance with orders issued by Major-General Sanford, salutes were fired on the Battery at sunrise and sunset.

Shortly after eight o'clock in the morning Division line was formed in Fourteenth street, with the right resting on Broadway. About nine o'clock Governor Morgan and staff arrived on the ground and reviewed the troops, the several bands playing as he rode along the line, "Hail to the Chief." The Governor, attended by Major-General Sanford and their respective staffs, then took the head of the column and the procession moved down Broadway, through Chambers street and the east gate of the Park to the City Hall. The Governor here dismounted, and taking position in front of the Hall, was honored with the marching salute by the military as they passed through the Park.

The brigade appeared as follows, and considering the heavy tax that has been made upon citizen soldiery of late, the ranks were well filled:

Advance Company of Troop.
Commander-in-Chief and Staff.
Major-General and Division Staff.

FIRST BRIGADE.

Brigadier-General Spicer and Staff.
71st Regiment (Light Infantry), Colonel Vesburgh.
2d Regiment (Light Infantry), Colonel Irwin.
1st Regiment (Cavalry), Colonel S. H. Smith.
3d Regiment (Cavalry), Colonel Postley.

SECOND BRIGADE.

Brigadier-General Yates and Staff.
5th Regiment (Infantry), Colonel Schwarzwälder.
6th Regiment (Infantry), Colonel Pinckney.
4th Regiment (Artillery), Colonel Hincken.

THIRD BRIGADE.

Brigadier-General Hall and Staff.
7th Regiment (Infantry), Colonel M. Lefferts.
8th Regiment (Infantry), Captain Lyon.
9th Regiment (Light Infantry), Colonel Van Beuren.
54th Regiment (Infantry), Colonel Le Gal.

FOURTH BRIGADE.

Brigadier-General Ewen and Staff.
11th Regiment (Rifles), Colonel Bostwick.
10th Regiment (Infantry), Colonel Halsey.
69th Regiment (Infantry), Colonel Corcoran.
79th Regiment (Highland Guard, Infantry), Colonel McLeay.

After the review, General Sanford gave the Governor and Suite a splendid collation. The Veterans of 1812, Col. Raymond, were out in full feather, and after the day's campaign, returned to an Alexander's Feast at the Mercer House.

The Regatta.

Upward of twenty thousand people must have lined the Battery shore, to witness the regatta held under the auspices of the Corporation. The two barges provided by the city were crowded so as to be rather uncomfortable. Hundreds of small boats, not racers, paddled about in the vicinity of the shore, and conveyed passengers to the barges.

The first race in the programme was postponed till some other day to be duly announced.

The first race which was made was that for row boats, six-oared, clinker-built boats, of any length, exclusively for amateur oarsmen, with or without coxswain. First prize, silver trumpet and champion pennant; second prize, a silk American ensign.

In this race the Waverley was ruled out, owing to the fact that she did not have an amateur crew, and the Eagle broke an oar. This left the contest to the Aurora, the What is It? and the Nautic. The What is It? turned the stakeboat first, in 15 minutes, and the Aurora in 15 minutes and 49 seconds. The What is It? making the race of four miles in 30 minutes and 10 seconds, being 2 minutes 18 seconds ahead of the Aurora.

The second race was for seventeen-foot working boats; no restrictions; to be rowed with two pairs of skulls. Prizes—1st, \$75; 2d, \$40; 3d, \$20. There were eight entries, viz., G. H. Winslip, Maggie, Alldige, Fanny, H. W. Genet, Jack McDowell, Thomas Powell, Wild Irishman; several of these were withdrawn just as the race started. The Jack McDowell passed the Judges' Boat in 32 minutes 30 seconds; the G. W. Winslip, 32 minutes 33 seconds; H. W. Genet, 34 minutes 10 seconds.

The third race was for four-oared boats of any length. No restrictions. To be rowed for by four men with four oars. Prizes: first, \$600; second, \$75; third, \$25. Just as this race was com-

encing, a rain-storm came up, and dampened the enthusiasm of the outsiders and seriously affected the racers. Among the contestants were the Stranger, of Poughkeepsie; the Charles, of New York Regatta Club; the Judge Voorhies, of Newburgh; the Unexpected; the F. T. Wood, of New York, and the Great Eastern. Great doubts were entertained as to whether a race had been made at all, and if so, as to who were the winners. The Judges deferred their decision until they could have a fair opportunity to investigate all the facts.

The fourth race was for the champion scull, with boats of any depth, and rowed by one man with one pair of skulls. Prizes: first \$100; second, \$50; third, \$25.

In this race the Jefferson was rowed by Andrew Fay; the Star of the West by Thomas Dow; the Oscar Field by Joshua Ward; the Theodore Graven by John Haisen and six others. Joshua Ward came in first, making the race in thirty-seven minutes and ten seconds, and Fay coming in at thirty-seven minutes and thirty seconds, John Haisen coming up third, just behind Fay a few seconds.

The prizes were awarded as follows:

First Race—First prize to the What is It? Second to the Aurora. Second Race—First prize to the Jack McDowell; Second to the E. W. Winslip; Third to the H. W. Genet.

Third Race—Judges did not decide. Fourth Race—First prize to Joshua Ward of Newburgh; Second to Andrew Fay of New York; Third to John Haisen of Newburgh.

The Fireworks.

The sum of seven thousand dollars, appropriated exclusively for fireworks, furnished pyrotechnic material for an unusually good celebration. The City Hall was the great centre of attraction. Here were consumed the "Yacht America," the "Star of Independence," "Japanese Glory," the "Mexican Sun," and the "Grand Temple of Liberty," in the presence of a crowd so large that it filled the Park. At Madison square rockets were fired and Greek bengola lights displayed. Until nine o'clock, when a slight variation of the attractions at the City Hall drew the attention of the admiring crowds. At Tompkins square the "Chinese Tower" was exhibited with rockets and streamers, the "Polka Dance and Battery" with colored rockets; beside the general routine, various flowers were represented.

At Jackson square, junction of East Broadway and Grand street; at Franklin street and West Broadway; at Hamilton square and Mount Morris square in Harlem, there were also large crowds, particularly at the latter place, to witness similar exhibitions.

The public celebration closed with the public fireworks; but the popular enthusiasm found vent in the private display of rockets, squibs and blue lights, till long past midnight.

THE BEARDESS DRUMMER-BOY.

In the year 1812, in the ninth regiment of the line (which formed part of the grand army that Napoleon lost in Russia), there was a little drummer-boy named Bilboquet. Of course, that was not the name his godfathers and godmothers had given him in his baptism, but it was the one by which he was known throughout the regiment. The soldiers, and especially the grown-up drummers, and above all, the terrible drum-major, were in the habit of teasing little Bilboquet, as boy had never been teased before. The drum-major used even to beat him across the shoulders with the heavy cane, which these military beards are in the habit of swinging and twisting at the head of the regiment. At first, little Bilboquet used to cry, but then his comrades only laughed at him, and the terrible drum-major beat him all the more. Yet little Bilboquet never did anything wrong—not in one sense, that is to say; for in another, he never did anything right. He was neither lazy, nor untidy, nor greedy, nor mean, nor revengeful, though he certainly did owe a grudge to the drum-major, which he was resolved one day or other to pay; but he always had his drum slung a little too much on one side, or got out of step in marching, or stood in the wrong place when the company was drawn up in line, or committed some mistake, which was natural enough on the part of a boy who had left his top and his marbles, to join the greatest general of the age, but which was looked upon by the drum-major and other military disciplinarians, as quite unpardonable.

The ninth of the line, with Bilboquet at its head, the drummers always march in front—was on the banks of the Dnieper, and on the high road to Moscow, when the general command of the brigade of which this regiment formed part, was ordered by the Emperor to occupy a position on the other side of an enormous ravine.

The ravine was defended by a battery of six guns. These guns were of large calibre, and were well served by the Russians. "Are there anything like the popguns you used to play with at school, young Bilboquet?" asked the magnificent but slightly brutal drum-major, as he twisted his long moustache between his finger and thumb.

The little drummer little Bilboquet, with the tall oppressor doubted his courage; but he did not utter a word.

"Do you hear how the ground shakes?" continued the giant. "Ah! it's lucky your head is not as mine, and it's luckier still that the Cossacks have a very excellent habit of firing into the air."

But the Cossacks (the French call all Russian soldiers Cossacks) lowered the muzzles of their pieces, and then the drum-major and his little pupil saw whole files of soldiers knocked down like skittles—with this difference, that it would be impossible ever to make them stand up again.

An aide-de-camp now galloped up to the colonel of the ninth, who was in front of the regiment, close to where Bilboquet and the drum-major were standing.

"Take the battery with two hundred men," were the concise orders.

"Yes! it's easy enough to say," take the battery with two hundred men," muttered an old sergeant, "but I should like to see twenty of them get there."

"The Emperor is waiting," added the aide-de-camp, observing that the soldiers were not overpleased with the work they had before them.

The captain of Bilboquet's company was to lead the assault with two hundred voltigeurs.

"If the Emperor is looking at us, we must be quick," said the old sergeant, as he fixed his bayonet to his firelock.

The captain noticed considerable hesitation in the ranks. Twice he had ordered the drum-major to take a couple of drummers, go to the front, and beat the charge. The drum-major was evidently in no hurry. He was leaning on his long cane and shook his head from side as he examined the drummers, without the slightest appearance of enthusiasm.

In the meanwhile, Bilboquet sat aside on his little drum, whistling a martial air between his teeth and beating a tattoo with his fingers on the parchment.

At length, the captain lowered his brow, and in a voice of thunder roared out the order for the third time. The gigantic drum-major, nevertheless, seemed inclined to spend a few minutes more in the selection of his drummers, when suddenly young Bilboquet sprang up, fastened his drum to his side, seized his drumsticks convulsively, and passing close to the tyrant, looked at him from head to foot and exclaimed with an air of triumph,

"Now, who's afraid of the popguns?"

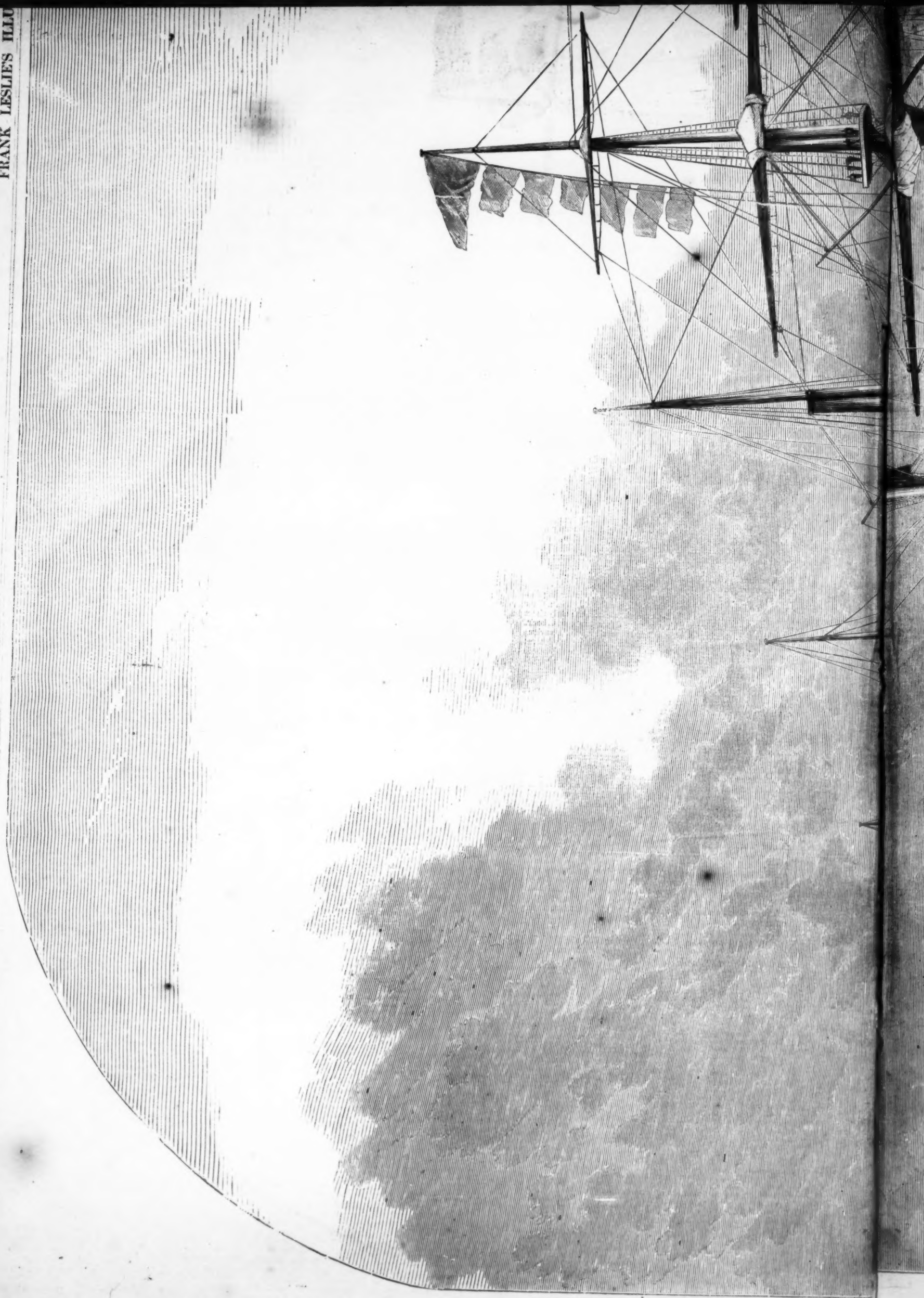
The drum-major was about to strike him, but Bilboquet was already at the head of the two companies, beating the charge in furious style. The soldiers advanced, Bilboquet hurried on, and the men rushed after him towards the terrible battery.

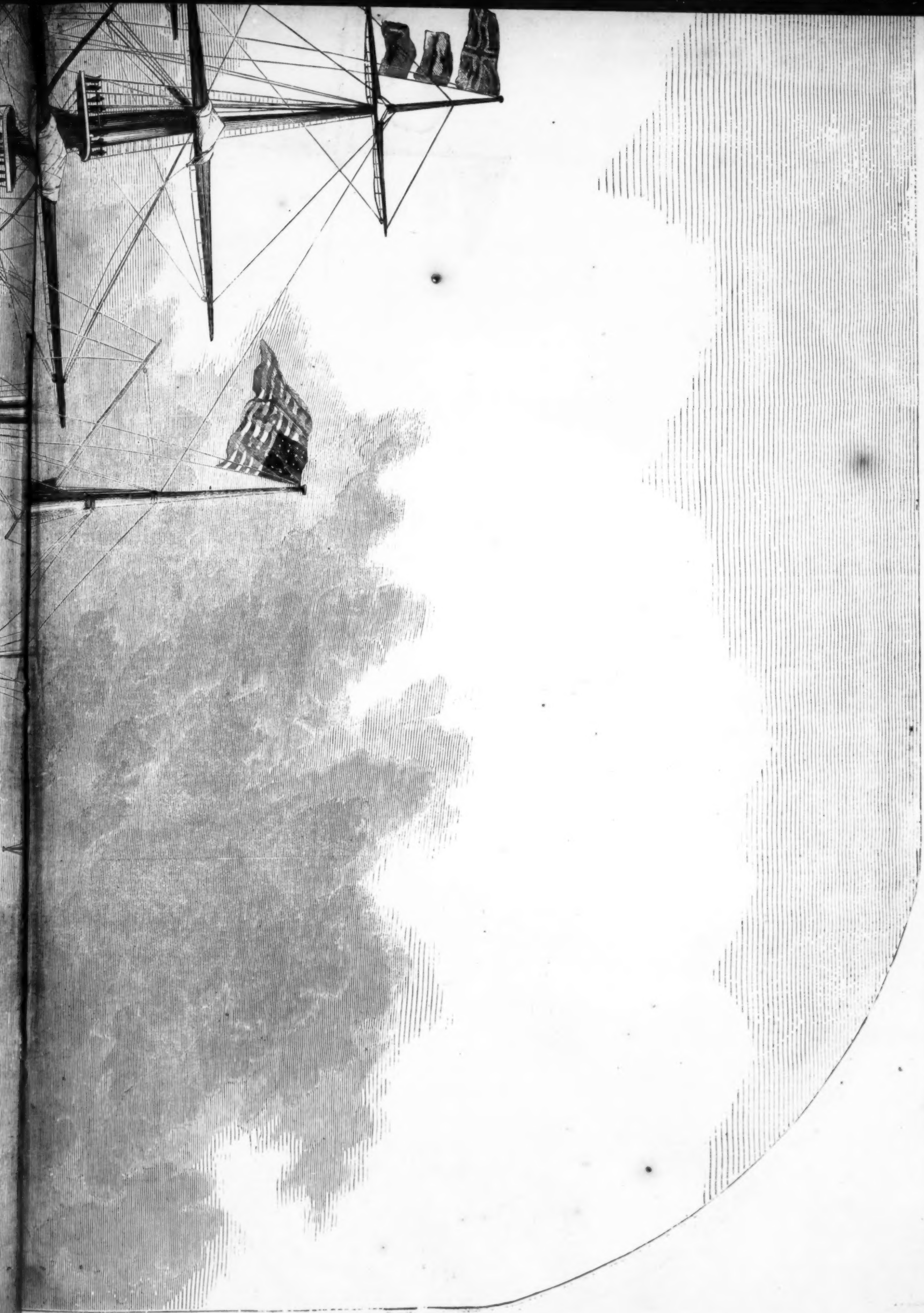
The commander of the fort had seen the aide-de-camp gallop up to the ninth regiment, and had understood that his battery was to be silenced by an assaulting column. But as the old sergeant had remarked, it was necessary, first of all, to reach it. The Russians determined to reserve their fire; and when the French had marched over about half the ground that separated them from the guns, they were received with a general discharge which seemed to blow the attacking party to pieces. Still, young Bilboquet was ahead, hammering away at his drum as if in mockery of the Russian artillery. With wonderful rapidity the gunners reloaded, and again ploughed up the ranks of the advancing voltigeurs. Bilboquet was not touched, but on looking round he saw that scarcely a quarter of the two companies were following him. The rest were lying dead or wounded on the plain. Bilboquet's drum sounded like a trumpet. If his drum had been the enemy he could not have attacked it with greater violence. The critical moment had now been passed. It would be impossible for the Russians to fire on their assailants a third time, for in half a minute they would be in the battery engaged in hand-to-hand fight with the artillery men. Another rush, and

(Continued on page 124.)

JULY 14, 1860.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLU





THE BEARLESS DRUMMER-BOY.

(Continued from page 123.)

after receiving a volley of musketry which scarcely took effect, the volunteers, with Bilboquet still at their head, leaped into the battery, and in a few seconds had dispersed their opponents and captured the terrible guns.

During the attack the Emperor stood on a hillock watching its progress. He shuddered as each volley of artillery swept down his men, and when at length he saw less than half a company enter the battery, he lowered his glass, exclaiming, "Brave fellows!"

Then ten thousand men of the Imperial Guard, who were stationed behind him, began to cheer their hands and to shout "Bravo, Voltigeur!" And these were good critics; they knew what they were applauding.

Immediately afterwards Napoleon gave some orders to an aide-de-camp, who, thereupon, set off at a gallop towards the battery, and instantly returned at the same pace.

"How many got in?" inquired the Emperor.

"Forty-one, sire," replied the aide-de-camp.

"Forty-one crosses to-morrow morning," said the Emperor, turning towards the general of the brigade to which the ninth belonged.

The next day the regiment was formed in a circle around the remains of the two companies that had been entrusted with the capture of the battery. As the name of each was called out, the soldier answering to it stepped forward to the general and received the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

The ceremony was over, the forty-one had received their crosses, and the men were about to be marched back to their encampments, when a voice from the ranks cried out:

"And I then; am I to have nothing?"

It was Bilboquet, the little drummer boy, who had been quite forgotten.

The general looked round, and saw the young hero standing before him. His face red with excitement, and two big tears starting from his eyes.

"You, what do you want?" asked the general.

"Why, general, wasn't I one of them?" inquired young Bilboquet, almost in a passion. "Didn't I beat the charge in front of them all, and wasn't I the first who got into the battery?"

"It's true, general, he did," exclaimed forty-one voices.

"Silence in the ranks," shouted the general; then turning again to Bilboquet he said:

"What an I do, my poor boy? It's very hard, but they have forgotten you—leaves, you are very young," he continued. "Wait till you have hair on your chin, and then you'll get the cross too. In the meanwhile you must try to console yourself with this."

And with these words the general held out a forty-franc piece to the unfortunate Bilboquet, who looked at it for a few seconds without evincing the slightest intention of taking it. All were silent.

Every one was looking at the poor little drummer-boy, and wondering what he would do. His eyes were full of tears, and those who had been the first to tease him now pitied him from the bottom of their hearts.

The whole regiment seemed inclined to take up his case, and probably the result would have been a petition to the Emperor, had not the young drummer suddenly changed his attitude.

"He raised his head, looked the general full in the face, and said:

"Well, give it to me, I must wait for another time."

And without any further ceremony, he put the coin in his pocket, and went back to the ranks humming an air.

From this moment no one thought of ill-treating young Bilboquet. But he was not very communicative to his comrades, and seemed to have some strange project in his head, about which he was constantly meditating. It was expected that he would spend his forty francs in a treat, and several hints to that effect were thrown out by his fellow-soldiers. But Bilboquet kept his money and his counsel to himself.

Some time afterwards the French army entered Smolensk. Bilboquet had assisted at the capture, and the day after walked all over the town, examining every face with remarkable curiosity.

He seemed pleased with most of the physiognomies he saw, for he was perpetually smiling, especially when he met a man who had along beard, and he met several thousands of them in the course of the day.

However, the beards of Smolensk are, for the most part, curly. This seems not to have yet met with Bilboquet's approbation; but he probably reflected, that if the Russians, the Poles and other Slavonians had red beards, that was not their fault, and that they had not chosen that color themselves for the purpose of annoying a French drummer-boy. However that may have been, he continued to laugh whenever he met a man with a red beard, until at last he found himself in the Jewish quarter of the city, where all the beards are black.

Bilboquet did not like Jews, but he liked their black beards, and indeed was so delighted that he resolved to have one of them, and that without delay.

Behind a counter in a dirty little shop, which was one of a long line, stood a Hebrew with a magnificent beard, as black as ebony.

"What do you want, my little man?" said the Jew, pleasantly.

"I want a beard," answered Bilboquet, in a decided tone.

"My little man, you're joking, my little man!" suggested the proprietor, with an uneasy expression of countenance.

"I wasn't joking, I tell you," repeated Bilboquet, as he held his hand to his beard; "and what's more, I want to have it. But don't think I want to pay you for it, he added; "here is a forty-franc piece, and you can keep the change."

The poor Jew tried to convince Bilboquet that his beard would be of no use to him; that it was not worth forty francs or forty sou, or forty centimes to any one; that he, Bilboquet, would do much better to invest his money in horse-hair if he really wanted anything of the kind; that he, the Jew, would gladly undertake such a commission, and so on.

But it was in vain. Bilboquet was determined to have his forty francs' worth of black beard. So he French soldiers had been attracted to the Jew's shop by the high words that had passed between the latter and Bilboquet, and having ascertained what the quarrel was about, came to the conclusion that the drummer-boy's notion was both humorous and original, and called upon the Hebrew to surrender his chin at discretion.

First came the Jew, one of the soldiers who were present happened to be the barber of the regiment—we say fortunately, because in the absence of a razor there can be no doubt whatever but that he would have been shaved with a sabre. However, the beard was taken off, more or less,

according to art, and given to Bilboquet, who folded it up carefully in a piece of paper and stowed it away in his pocket.

When Bilboquet regained his quarters, he got the regimental tailor to sew the Jew's beard, or Bilboquet's beard, as it had now become, to a strip of parchment, cut from an old drum, and then, without giving any explanation of his design, put it at the very bottom of his knapsack. His comrades bothered him about the matter for a few days, but then the regiment started eastward, and after the battle of Borodino and the taking of Moscow, such incidents as Bilboquet's adventures with the Jew of Smolensk naturally escaped recollection.

Then came the horrors of retreat—cold, Cossacks and famine. Napoleon's army was decimated in the worst sense; that is to say, every tenth man was spared, while the nine others fell victims to the Cossack lances, hunger, or the Russian snow. The ninth regiment formed part of the rear-guard, which fought so magnificently under the leadership and auspices of Ney. Little Bilboquet was among the most fortunate, for he was neither wounded nor frost-bitten.

A few days after the terrible passage of the Beresina, the troops had to cross a small river, over which the engineers had already thrown a bridge. Bilboquet's brigade, which formed the extreme rear had passed over in safety, and the great point now was to prevent the Russians following.

The general ordered the sappers to blow up the bridge, but the explosion was attended with only partial success. One-half of the bridge was still connected with the other by means of a single beam. If this beam could be cut in two, the whole structure would fall into the water. Otherwise the enemy would have no difficulty in repairing the bridge, and their pursuit would not be delayed for more than an hour at most.

Some sappers were directed to get on a raft and endeavor to destroy the bridge altogether, but the Russians arrived on the opposite bank of the river before the order could be obeyed, and opened a murderous fire which seemed to render its execution quite impossible. The French returned the fire, and the army was about to move on, when suddenly, a soldier with a hatchet on his shoulder, plunged into the river, and came up half a minute afterwards at a short distance from the beam which it was desired to sever. By his long beard, it was easy to see that this was a sapper who was so nobly sacrificing himself for the sake of his comrades.

The brave man swam vigorously towards the important point, and continued his course through a shower of bullets which caused the water to boil all around him, until at last he reached the centre pile, and climbing up it, got on to the bridge. The beam was not so large as it appeared from the shore, and it was already half divided. With one blow the soldier cut it in two, when the bridge and himself with it fell into the water with a tremendous crash.

The Russians, in their astonishment, ceased firing for a moment, but the Frenchman soon rose to the surface, and was then again saluted with a storm of shot. Now a hundred poles were extended to the daring sapper, and the general himself was among the most enthusiastic applauders of his gallant exploit.

Suddenly, the general gave a start.

"What is that?"

He might well be astonished, for the supposed sapper who had destroyed the bridge was no other than young Bilboquet, the drummer, with his celebrated black beard tied under his chin.

"What in the name of heaven does this mean?" inquired the general, scarcely crediting his eyes.

"It's only me," said Bilboquet, "the drummer-boy, that you said you'd give the cross to when he had hair on his chin. I've a beard, now, general, and a capital one, too—I gave you forty francs for it, and I think it ought to be good."

The general was fairly stupefied by the youngster's courage, and scarcely less so by his originality and humor. He took Bilboquet by the hand, and without a moment's delay, gave him the cross he had been wearing on his own breast.

From this moment, even the veterans of the regiment treated Bilboquet with respect, and the drum-major never struck him any more with his long cane.

THE NEW PILOT BOAT CHAS. H. MARSHALL.

ANOTHER beautiful craft has been added to our noble fleet of unrivalled pilot boats. She was modeled and built by Henry Steers, and launched from his yard at the foot of Twelfth street, East River. Her lines are perfect; she sits like a swan on the water, and is in all respects a model worthy of the name of Steers. She has been named the Charles H. Marshall, and promises to be a clipper in regard to speed. She left for a trial trip on Friday, the 6th instant.

DEPARTURE OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT

For their Summer Encampment on Staten Island.

This favorite regiment embarked on the 5th inst., in the Staten Island ferry-boat for their camp on the Richmond Club ground, Staten Island, about five miles from the Lower or Vanderbilt Landing, and to which access may be had by cars, which run within gunshot distance every hour. About four hundred men embarked for their Sicily, the Garibaldi of the occasion being the excellent and popular Colonel Lefferts.

GRAND BANQUET TO GEORGE WILKES.

On Tuesday, the 3d July, the friends and admirers of the renowned editor of the *Spirit of the Times* gave him a complimentary dinner at the Astor House. We regret that our space will not allow us to relate all the good things said and done on the occasion. In the absence of the world-renowned orator, J. T. Brady, Judge Phillips took the chair, supported by many well-known gentlemen eminent for their position and ability.

After the dinner, which was excellent and Stetsonian in every respect, Captain J. M. Turner, in a very neat speech, presented a most valuable watch and chain to Mr. Wilkes as a tribute of admiration for his undaunted behavior in England, to which the presentation of the half belt is very much owing. Mr. Wilkes replied in an address full of good sense and manly pride. He

frankly acknowledged the courteous treatment he received in England, and paid a tribute to the gallantry of Tom Sayers.

Various healths were drank, and much good fellowship exhibited. Mr. Wilkes well deserves the compliment he has received.

A WESTERN TRAGEDY.

A WESTERN paper gives the following instance of wild justice in Jefferson Territory, Rocky Mountains:

"Marcus Gridler, a native of the Tyrol, in company with Jacob Miller, his wife, and other emigrants, left Leavenworth for Denver City on the 26th of April. Gridler and Miller quarrelled frequently on the road, and particularly about their camping places. When about six miles from Denver the quarrel was renewed; Miller struck Gridler with a whip, and the latter seized an axe, knocked the former down, and shot him while lying on the ground. Gridler, having arranged with those who witnessed the tragedy to testify that the deed was done in self-defence, proceeded to Denver City, and on the 14th of June surrendered himself to the authorities. A meeting of the citizens was called the following day, a jury formally empaneled, judges appointed, an attorney selected to prosecute and another to defend; witnesses were called, sworn, examined and cross-examined; pleas were made and a formal charge to the jury delivered by the judge; and after a long deliberation a verdict of murder in the first degree rendered. The judges, after consultation, sentenced the prisoner to be executed the following day (Friday) between the hours of ten and five P. M., and the sentence was ratified by a vote of the people. A scaffold was erected near Cherry Creek; two reverend gentlemen administered to the spiritual concerns of the culprit; the Jefferson Rangers escorted him to the place of execution, where, in the presence of a concourse of over four thousand people, the sentence of the 'Court' was carried into effect—the prisoner having first confessed his crime from the scaffold."

KIT CARSON AND THE INDIANS.

THE Indians, like the Bourbons, cannot be civilized; they learn nothing, and forget still less. The *Rocky Mountain News* of the 20th of June has a very interesting but tragic story, which shows they are still the same ruthless and bloodthirsty crew, and that extermination is the only cure for this evil. We learn from the *Mountain News* that on the 10th of June four hundred and eighty warriors of the Arapahoe and Apache tribes, with a few of the Sioux set out on a foray against the Utes. Captain Beckwith and Kit Carson endeavored to dissuade them, but in vain.

On the morning of Sunday, the 17th, they came upon the village of the Utes on the south fork of the South Platte. In the south-east edge of the South Park, and made an attack. By a stratagem the Ute warriors were misled to fly to the defence in the wrong direction, while the combined force fell upon the village, killed a large number of women and children, and took four children prisoners. A rally of the Utes drove the invaders from the field, when the Utes made good their retreat to an almost inaccessible refuge on the mountain side. The allies continued to besiege them from a little after sunrise until past noon, when they withdrew and set out on their return. After travelling some distance they stopped at a stream, and while unsuspectingly smoking their pipes, were fallen on by the Utes and met a disastrous fate.

The number of Utes killed cannot be ascertained, but it must have been very considerable. Of the allies, five warriors were killed on the field and thirty-two wounded, one of whom died on Monday night after reaching here. Of the dead, four were Arapahoes, one Apache and one Sioux. Sixty-three horses were taken and brought in. Fourteen mules and seven horses were lost. After the Indians have buried their dead, a thousand braves are going to start upon the war path against the Utes.

Loveliness.

As it is proper and natural for our lady friends to wish to make themselves as lovely as possible, we feel it our duty to indicate the best means of bringing about that much desired consummation, and we can confidently assert that any one who uses BURNETT'S celebrated KALEIDON may obtain a fresh and satin-like complexion. This delightful preparation removes tan and freckles, and imparts a velvety softness to the skin. For chapped hands it is invaluable, while its healing properties and delicious perfume render it agreeable to every sense.—N. O. Picayune.

The Great Comic Paper of America.

JUST PUBLISHED,

NO. 22 OF

FRANK LESLIE'S BUDGET OF FUN,

Full of Comic Engravings, Political, Philosophical and social. Every subject of the day is illustrated, comically and satirically. Among some of the most prominent are the following brilliant hits at the times:

The Grand Pas de Deux between Tycoon Boole, of Gotham, and Prince Joke-Ham, of Yeddo—from a sketch not made on the spot. Also the Great Eastern Comic Historical, intended for our country readers. The Great Ship is here so graphically described that it is better than even going on board to see her, especially for ladies who are not fond of affording gratuitous anatomical exhibitions. It will afford the reader some idea of the magnificence of these Pictures when they are assured the scale is a mile to the inch, thus reversing the general order of diagrams.

ADVENTURES AT NEWPORT

are also given in a style of watery excellence and Atlantic grandeur.

A FAREWELL SERIES OF CARTOONS OF THE JAPANESE

is likewise given to console the ladies of New York for the departure of Tommy and the Princess. The gallant but unsuccessful attempt to rescue that interesting action of Tycoonism from the barbarous Islands is beautifully set forth, the portraits of the ladies being from genuine photographs by a celebrated artist. There is also a companion picture to this depicting the terrible fate which nearly befell the Japanese Cook, Rummy Jummi.

But even these Japanese miracles are eclipsed by the two Political and Prophetic Cartoons given in our Presidential aspirants. It is no longer in doubt who will be our next President, since Columbus has given her answer in the 22d Number of FRANK LESLIE'S BUDGET OF FUN.

In addition to these are a brilliant set of Pictures representing the frightfully amusing and horribly ludicrous Adventures of a full-grown Cockney in pursuit of the Buffalo, and how he escaped matrimony and the scalp.

The Budget Proverbs are also continued, with numerous other Comic Engravings; besides Sixteen Pages of the very highest kind of Comic Literature.

Price Six Cents each Number. Frank Leslie's Publication Office, 19 City Hall Square.

The Monarch of the Monthlies!

FOR JULY, 1860,

CONTENTS OF NO. 1, VOL. VII., OF

FRANK LESLIE'S

MONTHLY,

With which is incorporated

THE GAZETTE OF FASHION.

Price 25 cts., or \$3 per annum.

Literary.

Blow Hot—Blow Cold: A Love Story—continued. Two Engravings.

Oddities of Great Men. Two Engravings.

Arab Suffering and Courage.

How I Told my Love.

Adele Dupassier; or, A Confiding Englishman at a Paris

Bal Masque. One Engraving.

The Sculptor's Love; or, the Last Volary of the Venus.

The Last of the Abbess. Two Engravings.

My Last Hunt. Two Engravings.

Very Impudent.

Francisco de Medici Receiving the Exiled Greek Philosophers.

One Engraving.

The First Inhabitants of Switzerland.

Our Pets. Five Engravings.

Notes on Ornamental Flower Culture.

The Three Cretic Queens. Four Engravings.

The Order of Issachar—A Reminiscence of Jerusalem—continued.

The Lost Diamond.

My First Love and my Last.

N. P. Willis. Portrait.

Idlewild. The Residence of N. P. Willis. One Engraving.

The Greek Mariner—A Reminiscence of the Levant.

Lying in Part of a House.

A Russian Fair.

Ships Embedded in the Earth.

Eastern Magnificence.

John Cassell. Portrait.

Editorial Gossip.

A New Method of Dissection.

Extraordinary shot.

Interior of a Convent.

Footy—Sir Isaac Newton's Tobacco stopper—Engraving;

My Heart and I; Six of One and Half a Dozen of the

Other—Engraving; Life's Teachings.

Miscellaneous.

List of Engravings.

Blow Hot—Blow Cold—A Mother's Recognition; Gathering

Shadows.

Oddities of Great Men—Sir Isaac Newton's Tobacco stopper;

Stewart and Mackintosh Balancing Peacock's Feathers.

Sunrise—The Fisherman's Haunt.

Adele Dupassier—The Bal Masque.

The Last of the Abbess—The Tycooner; A Sad Adieu.

My Last Hunt—The Panther Leap; The Frightful Precipice;

The Descent to the Rescue.

Six of One and Half a Dozen of the Other.

Francisco de Medici and the Greek Philosophers.

Our Pets—Owls; Victor and Prisoners; After the Battle;

The Protege; The Tycoon's Nest.

The Three Cretic Queens—The Empress Josephine, Madame

de Maintenon, The Sultan; Scarron at his Window

seeing Madame d'Aubigne; The Old Negress telling the

Fortune of Jidde, de Rivery; Phemie Predicting the

Coronation of Josephine.

Idlewild, the Residence of N. P. Willis.

Nathaniel Parker Willis.

John Cassell, the celebrated London Publisher.

Comic Pages—Mr. Yellowglove takes his Cousins for a

Pleasant Row on the Hudson. Six Engravings.

Gazette of Fashion.

What to Buy and Where to Buy it; Review of Fashions;

Styles for the Month; Description of Colored Fashion

Plate; Description of Fashions; Description of Needle-

work; Leaves for the Little Ones; Fews in Churches;

Shawl Mantel; A Remarkable Dream; Notice to Lady

Subscribers; Growing Old Happily; French's Conical

Washing Machine; Miscellaneous.

Illustrations to the Gazette.

Colored Frontispiece; Shawl Mantel; Two Aprons; Gir-

dle; Carriage toilet; Dress Braided with Passementerie;

Embroidered Sofa Cushion; Centre of Card Basket in

Application; Front of a Braided Shoe; Lappet in Swiss

Lace; Thirteen Initial Letters; French's Conical Washing

Machine; Tidy or Pillow Cover in Netting and Em-

broidery.

Each number of the Magazine contains over 100 pages of

the most entertaining Literature of the day, besides nearly

sixty beautiful Engravings, and a superb colored Plate,

alone worth more than the price of the Magazine.

1 copy 1 year..... \$3

2 copies 1 year..... 5

1 copy 2 years..... 8

3 copies 1 year..... 6

and \$2 for each copy added to the Club. An extra copy

sent to the person getting up a Club of Five Subscribers,

1 year for \$10.

The postage of this Magazine is three cents; and must be

paid three months in advance at the office where the

Magazine is received.

FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square, New York.

Every Summer

THE demand for HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS increases. It is found to

be the only certain preservative of bodily strength during

a period when the atmosphere is calculated to induce a feel-

ing of lassitude and indigestion. The worst cases of diar-

rhoea and Dysentery give way to its potent influence.



PIANOFORTES.

JOHN B. DUNHAM,

MANUFACTURER OF THE OVERSTRUNG

Celebrated Dunham Pianofortes,
GRAND AND SQUARE.

MANUFACTORY AND SHOW ROOMS,

75 to 85 East Thirteenth Street, near Broadway,
New York.

ESTABLISHED IN 1834.

Parties in the country wishing Instruments direct from the Factory, can be suited by describing by letter the quality of tone and touch desired.

Purchasers may rely upon the excellence of these instruments. They are warranted for Five years, and prices are moderate.

READ THE FOLLOWING:

THE JAPANESE PRINCES AND DUNHAM'S PIANOFORTES.—We notice in the principal apartment one of John B. Dunham's magnificent grand Pianos, with all the modern improvements, over string bass, &c. The Princes will have frequent opportunities of listening to the grand tones of this superb instrument. One of John B. Dunham's fine square Pianos was sent to Japan in 1859 we think—for we noticed the fact at the time—as we believed that it was the first Piano of American manufacture ever seen in that land of mystery and exclusiveness. Our manufacture was nobly represented by that instrument, for no more sterling Piano was ever manufactured. So John B. Dunham has a sort of trade relationship with the Japanese Embassy.—*Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, June 23, 1860.

The Water-Cure Journal

FOR JULY, now ready, contains: Hygienic and Drug Medication Contrasted; Diseases of the Throat and Lungs; Home Practice of the Movement-Cure—Treatment of the Croup; A Family Necessity; A Homeopathic Dose; Dr. Winslow's Experience; The Cattle Disease; Collision between Doctors and Druggists; and much other matter useful to every reader. A NEW VOLUME commences with the present number, and now is the time to subscribe. Only \$1 a year. Address FOWLER & WELLS, 308 Broadway, New York. 241-42

The Swedish Movement Cure,

ITS History and Philosophy, with practical directions for the treatment of various Diseases, illustrated with 70 Engravings, forming a Complete Manual of Exercises. By G. H. TAYLOR, M.D. 1 vol., 12mo., 400 pages. Price, prepaid by mail, \$1.25. Address FOWLER & WELLS, 308 Broadway, New York. This is the first complete work on this subject published in America. It will be found useful to all classes, in or out of the profession, and to all men, women and children. 241-42

Microscopes vs. Magnifying Glasses.

"MAGNIFYING more than 500 times."—*Boston Ledger*.
"Perfect little wonders."—*Baltimore's Pictorial*.
"The most curious magnifier in the world."—*Leslie's Newspaper*.
Four instruments of different powers for \$1, by mail. C. B. UNDERWOOD, 114 Hanover Street, Boston. 237-49

REMOVAL

PHELAN'S IMPROVED BILLIARD TABLE
AND COMBINATION CUSHIONS

PATENTED FEB. 16, 1859; OCT. 29, 1859; DEC. 1857; JAN. 12, 1858; NOV. 16, 1858; MARCH 20, 1859.
For sale by the manufacturers,
PHILAN & COLLINDER,
23, 65, 67 and 69 Crosby Street,
late of 61 and 63 Ann Street,
MICHAEL PHILAN,
Nos. 156 and 158 Broadway New York

Do You Want Luxuriant Whiskers or
Mustaches?

MY Ointment will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price \$1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order.
R. G. GRAHAM, 109 Nassau Street, New York.

Indispensable.

NOW READY—NEW EDITIONS.—No Correspondent, no Young Gentleman or Lady, no Public Speaker, no Teacher of Youth or Man of Business, should delay procuring these

NEW HAND-BOOKS FOR HOME IMPROVEMENT—BY MAIL.

HOW TO WRITE—A New Pocket Manual of Composition and Letter-Writing. Price, muslin, 50 cents.

HOW TO TALK—Hints on a Grammatical and Graceful Style in Conversation and Debate. 50 cents.

HOW TO BEHAVE—A Manual of Etiquette and Guide to Correct Personal Habits. Muslin, 50 cents.

HOW TO DO BUSINESS—A Guide to Success in Practical Life, and Hand-Book of Legal Forms. 50 cents.

How to Write, How to Talk, How to Behave, and How to do Business, in one fine gift Volume, prepaid by first mail, for \$1.00. Address FOWLER & WELLS, 308 Broadway, New York. 241-43

Female Seminary,

SITUATED 1. Sand Lake, N. Y., ten miles eastward from Albany and Troy. Studies include High and Common English Branches, Ancient and Modern Languages, Music, Painting and Drawing in all their departments. French, German, Italian and Spanish spoken. Exercises in the open air consist in walking, riding and driving. It is the design of the Institution to impart a polished and useful education. Number limited to twenty. \$250 per annum. The next session will commence on the last Wednesday in September. Applications must be made before the 10th of September. For circulars, references, &c., apply to the Principal, M. S. CROSBY, Sand Lake, N. Y. 243

FURNITURE ! FURNITURE !!

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

BY

DEGRAAF & TAYLOR

(Formerly H. P. DEGRAAF.)

NO. 87 BOWERY, NEW YORK.

This establishment is six stories in height, and extends 242 feet through to No. 65 Christie Street—making it one of the largest Furniture Houses in the United States.

They are prepared to offer great inducements to the Wholesale Trade, for Time or Cash. Their stock consists, in part, of

ROSEWOOD PARLOR AND CHAMBER FURNITURE;

Mahogany and Walnut Parlor and Chamber Furniture;

Also, CANE and WOOD SEAT work, all qualities; HAIR, HUSB and SPRING MATTRESSES, a large stock; ENAMELLED CHAMBER FURNITURE, in Sets, from \$22 to \$100.

JENNY LIND AND EXTENSION POST BEDSTEADS,

Five feet wide, especially for the Southern Trade.

Their facilities for manufacturing defy competition.

All work guaranteed as represented.

Health of American Women.

THE GRAEFENBERG COMPANY'S

MARSHALL'S UTERINE CATHOLICON

Is a certain cure for all Female Irregularities, Weakness, Tumors, Ulceration, Inflammation, Whites, Falling, and other local derangements of the Uterine Organs, as well as the constitutional troubles arising from them.

Price \$1.50 per bottle. For Six Dollars Five Bottles will be sent by Express, and charges prepaid to the end of Express Line from New York.

Address JOSHUA F. BRIDGE, M.D.,

Re-ident Physician, Graefenberg Institute,

No. 2 Bond Street, New York.

LAFAYETTE, Ky., June 21, 1860.

DR. BRIDGE—DEAR SIR—I am a graduate of the regular medical colleges. Eighteen months ago I had seven cases of severe female disease which I had failed entirely to cure. One lady had constant Hysterics; one had miscarried seven times and was in a very low condition; one had every symptom of Epileptic Convulsions consequent upon deranged menstruation; others had Leucorrhoea, Falling and all the severe symptoms of continued Uterine Derangement. Having my attention called to the GRAEFENBERG MARSHALL'S UTERINE CATHOLICON I used it, AND IT CURED EVERY CASE. THERE HAS NOT BEEN A SINGLE FAILURE IN ITS OPERATION. C. J. NORTHINGTON.

DR. BRIDGE will attend to professional calls and receive patients at his residence in the Graefenberg Institute Buildings, No. 2 Bond St., New York. 242

Messrs. Ticknor & Fields

HAVE NOW READY,

I.

THE SAND HILLS OF JUTLAND. By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, author of "The Improvisatore." 1 volume, 75 cents.

"All these tales possess that strange fascination for which Herr Andersen's works are so remarkable."—*London Leader*.

II.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL RECOLLECTIONS. By the late CHARLES ROBERT LESLIE, R.A. Edited by Tom Taylor, Esq.; with Portrait. 1 volume; \$1.25.
The many personal reminiscences and entertaining anecdotes of the most prominent literary men and artists of the present century, with which this book abounds, render it one of the most delightful and readable volumes ever published.

III.

TRAVELS, EXPLORATIONS AND RESEARCHES IN AFRICA, DURING AN EIGHTEEN YEARS' RESIDENCE. By Rev. Dr. J. LEWIS KRAFFT. With valuable Appendices and an interesting summary of the results of African travel, with Map. 1 volume; \$1.25.

This work, while it covers a different ground from either the works of Livingstone or Barth, is equal in importance and interest to them.

Either of the above, or any work published by Ticknor & Fields, will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of price.

135 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON. 242

Tiffany & Co.,

LATE

TIFFANY, YOUNG & ELLES,

Fine Jewellery, Precious Stones, Watches, Silver Ware, Bronzes, Clocks, Rich Porcelain Articles of Art and Luxury. No. 350 Broadway, New York.
STORES IN PARIS, TIFFANY, REED & CO.

Pianofortes.

A. H. GALE & CO.,

MANUFACTORY AND WAREHOUSES,

107 East Twelfth Street, N. Y.

THE READERS OF

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper

Desiring to purchase any article in New York, no matter how trifling or costly, can have their orders promptly and faithfully fulfilled by addressing JAMES W. FORTUNE, care of Frank Leslie, Esq., 19 City Hall Square, N. Y. In all cases the necessary funds should be inclosed in the communication.

CUTTA PERCHA CEMENT ROOFING

THE CHEAPEST and most DURABLE ROOFING in use. Sent to any part of the country with directions for application.

SPECIMENS and references can be seen, and any desired information obtained on application, by letter or in person, at our office, 510 Broadway, N. Y. (Opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel.) JOHN S. CROSBY.

THE TOILET.

Ladies! Ladies! Ladies!

NOW IS THE TIME TO USE

TREFELIO.

OF WORLD-WIDE CELEBRITY FOR

BEAUTIFYING THE COMPLEXION.

Particularly adapted to warm climates. A few drops poured in the water for Bathing or Washing is deliciously refreshing and exhilarating, giving the Skin Freshness, Smoothness, Elasticity, Softness, Brilliance and Purity—Cooling and Invigorating—renders the flesh firm and of an alabaster richness of Beauty; removes all Eruptions. Is immensely popular among the Ladies.

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION

IS GUARANTEED

SOLD EVERYWHERE

50 CENTS A BOTTLE.

CARY, HOWARD, SANGER & CO., NORTH SHERMAN & CO., LAZELL, MARSH & GARDNER, SCHIEF-FELIN, BRO. & CO., M. KESSON & ROBINSON.

Wholesale, New York.

THOMSON & CO., General Agents, 48 Broadway.

Sample bottles sent on receipt of fifty cents in postage stamp.

Hazleton & Co.,

FURNITURE WARE-ROOMS

NO. 577 E. 11th AVE.,

O. P. M. Metropolitan Hotel.

Spring Beds, Hair Mattresses, &c.

C. A. HAZLETON, GEO. H. DEVEGRY.

233-45

BEAUTY WITHOUT

NO MORE PAIN! NO MORE DISCOMFORT!

What a lovely Girl that is! No more pimples, no more redness, no more all Pimples, Freckles, Scabs, and all the other things that make a woman's face so ugly. Who couldn't have a beautiful complexion like this? It is 50 cents to send for a bottle. By mail, 50 cents.

THE HAIR EXTRACTOR, for removing the hair from the face, neck, arms, legs, &c., has no equal. Price 50 cents. By mail, 50 cents.

THE PERMANENT and PAINLESS THE HAIR REMOVER, MANICURE, has never failed.

THE BLESS OF MARRIAGE, for removing the hair from the face, neck, arms, legs, &c., has no equal. Price 50 cents. By mail, 50 cents.

This is certainly the most beautiful, refreshing, and really useful and pleasant of all the Courtship, Matrimony, and the Marriage, and the Rights of Married Life that has ever been written from the American Press.

All Dr. Bismuth's articles are sent by mail, free of postage.

All orders must be addressed to: DR. F. W. BISMUTH, No. 6 Beekman Street, New York. For Sale by F. L. TAYLOR & CO., No. 111 Broadway, New York. (Over door west of the Metropolitan Hotel.) Mrs. HAYS, No. 175 Fulton Street, New York, AND ALL DRUGGISTS.

FINKLE & LYON'S

SEWING MACHINES.

Our Machines took the highest medal at the Fair of the American Institute, with the highest premium for Sewing Machine work.

They also took the highest premiums at the New Jersey State Fair, at the Mechanics' Fair, Utica, N. Y., the Franklin Institute, and so generally wherever exhibited.

Late office 503 Broadway. REMOVED TO 138 BROADWAY. 609

Kennedy's Medical Discovery

CURES SCROFULA

Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Erysipelas. Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Cancer. Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Nursing Sore Mouth. Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Humors of the Eyes. Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Scald Head. Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Ringworm of the Face. Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Venereal Sore Legs. Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Leprosy. Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Rheumatism. Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Salt Rheum. Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Syphilis. Kennedy's Medical Discovery regulates the Bowels. Kennedy's Medical Discovery regulates the Kidneys. Kennedy's Medical Discovery regulates the Liver. Kennedy's Medical Discovery has cured Dropsy. When you are sick, and do not know what the matter is, perhaps you have an inward humor. Try Kennedy's Medical Discovery. For sale by all Druggists.

E. S. Tucker,

ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURER, 161 Nassau St., between Pine and Wall Sts., New York. Merchants, Banks and Companies supplied with the best articles at moderate prices, on short notice. 243

WOOD, EDDY & CO.'S

LOTTERIES:

AUTHORIZED BY THE STATES OF

DELAWARE, MISSOURI AND KENTUCKY.

Draw daily, in public, under the superintendence of Sworn Commissioners.

The Managers' Offices are located at Wilmington, Delaware, and St. Louis, Missouri.

PRIZES VARY FROM

\$250 TO \$100,000!

TICKETS FROM \$3.50 TO \$50.

Circulars giving full explanation and the Scheme to be drawn will be sent, free of expense, by addressing

WOOD, EDDY & CO., Wilmington, Delaware,

OR

WOOD, EDDY & CO., St. Louis, Missouri.



Mrs. Winslow,

An experienced Nurse and Female Physician, has a SMOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN'S TEETH, which greatly facilitates the process of teething by softening the gums and reducing all inflammation—will allay all pain, and is sure to regulate the bowels. Depend upon it, mothers, it will give rest to yourselves and relief and health to your infants. Perfectly safe in all cases. Millions of bottles are sold every year in the United States. It is an old and well-tried remedy.

PRICE ONLY 25 CENTS A BOTTLE. None genuine unless the facsimile of CURTIS & PERKINS, New York, is on the outside wrapper.

Roman Eye Balsam.

IN cases where the Eyelids are inflamed it acts almost like magic in relieving all irritation, and usually effects a complete cure after a few applications.

Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 100 Fulton Street, New York.

242

RARE OPPORTUNITY.

ISAAC HALE, Jr., & Co., Newburyport, Mass., Will employ Males and Females to act as local or travelling Agents. Those now in their employ average from \$30 to \$80 per month. We cannot, in this advertisement, particularize the business, but we will, in a circular (free of cost), to all who address us upon the subject. This is a rare opportunity for those out of employment to obtain an honorable situation. 242-45

LOOK!—The "Chinese Art," and four other new and useful arts for catching all kinds of Fish as fast as you can pick them up. Sent for 30 cents. It is no humbug. Address "Agent," box 18, North Strafford, N. H. 242

Useful in all Families.

HEGEMAN & CO.'S BENZINE, which removes Paint Spots, Grease, &c., &c., and cleans Gloves, Silks, Ribbons, &c., equal to new, without the slightest injury to color or fabric. Sold by all Druggists, 25 cents a bottle. 235-43

The Unprecedented Success

WHICH HAS FOR THE LAST TWENTY YEARS ATTENDED THE USE OF

D. S. R. TOWNSEND'S
SARSAPARILLA

Induces us to call the special attention of all those who are afflicted with any diseases arising from impurities of the blood, to the great superiority of THIS SARSAPARILLA over any other preparation of the same nature. It has been tested by thousands suffering from SCROFULA, SALT RHEUM, EFFECTS OF MERCURY, RHEUMATISM, COLDS, COUGHS and many other complaints, with the most beneficial effects. As it is now compounded under the direct supervision of

DR. JAMES R. CHILTON, CHEMIST,

it is the only preparation that can be safely relied on to effect a permanent and speedy cure. We have never known it to fail in any of the above cases. If you are similarly afflicted, try it and be

VERY CAREFUL TO USE NO OTHER.

Wholesale and Retail Depot removed to

No. 41 Fulton Street, New York, AND FOR SALE BY EVERY DRUGGIST THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY. 233-45

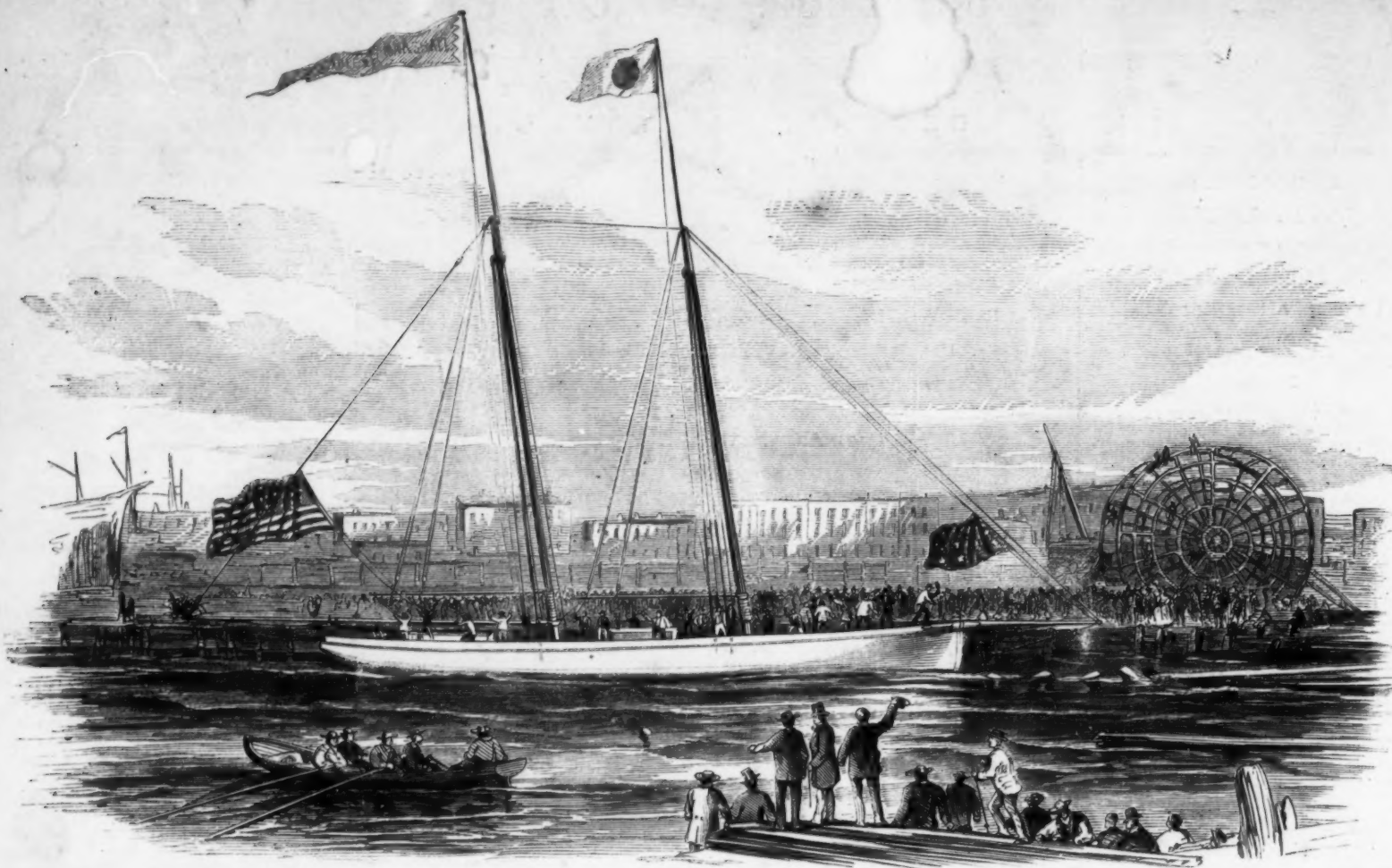
ATLANTIC SAVINGS BANK—No. 2 New Bowery, corner Chatham St. Open daily from 10 to 2 and from 4 to 6 p. m. Six per cent interest allowed. All sums deposited on or before July 25th draw interest from July 1st. Money to loan on Bond and Mortgage. M. D. VAN PELT, President.

J. P. COOPER, Secretary. CHARLES D. BAILEY, Treasurer. 241-44

ELEGANT FOUR-INCH PHOTOGRAPHS OF
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Sent free by mail for 25 cents. Five hundred active Canvassers wanted. GARRISON & CO., Publishers, Chicago, Ill., Post Office, Box 3371. 242

Read the following Marvellous Cure BY HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT IN THIS CITY.—Mr. Donald Forbes, Gardener, One Hundred and Thirtieth Street, Harlem Lane, to whom we refer for the truth of this statement, was severely afflicted with rheumatism and scaly eruptions on the arms, which were totally paralyzed, and for which he had had the best medical advice without the slightest benefit. Finally he procured a pot of Holloway's Ointment for 25 cents, and a radical cure was effected.



THE NEW AND BEAUTIFUL PILOT BOAT CHARLES H. MARSHALL, MODELLED AND BUILT BY HENRY STEERS.—SEE PAGE 126.

Something New.

A HEMMER, TUCKER, FELLER, BINDER AND GAUGE COMBINED, just patented simple, hemming any width and thickness of cloth either side, applied to any Sewing Machine, by any one, in a few minutes.

RETAIL PRICE, \$5. LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO THE TRADE.

Orders by mail supplied, postage paid. Complete instructions go with every Hemmer. Send for a circular.

Also, UNIVERSAL BOSOM-FOLDER AND SELF-MARKER, for Quilting.

234-460 UNIVERSAL HEMMER CO., No. 429 Broadway

Patented November 1st, 1859.



BALLOU'S

Patent Improved French Yoke Shirts,

Sent by EXPRESS to any part of the United States, upon receipt, per mail, of the following measures, which will insure a perfect fit, for \$15, \$18 and \$24 per dozen. No order forwarded for less than half a dozen Shirts:

1. Neck, A—the distance around it.
2. Yoke, B to B.
3. Sleeve, C to C.
4. Breast, D to D—distance around the body under the armpits.
5. Length of shirt, E to E.

By sending the above measures we can guarantee a perfect fit of our new style of the IMPROVED FRENCH YOKE SHIRT.

Also Importers and Dealers in Men's Furnishings Goods

BALLOU BROTHERS,

409 Broadway, N. Y.

WHOLESALE ORDERS SOLICITED

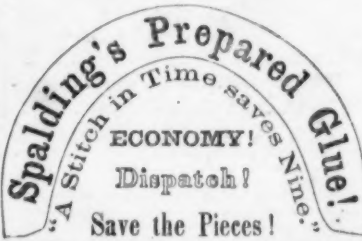
0000

"WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING MACHINES are certainly unrivalled."

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.

Office, 505 Broadway, New York.

0000



Useful in every house for mending Furniture, Toys, Crockery, Glassware, &c.

Wholesale Depot, No. 48 Cedar Street, New York.

Address

HENRY C. SPALDING & CO.,
Box No. 3,600, New York.

Put up for Dealers in cases containing four, eight and twelve dozen—a beautiful Lithograph Show-Card accompanying each package. 0000

Important Notice.

YOU CAN OBTAIN FROM DAVIS & CO., 404 Vine Street Philadelphia, any book you may particularly wish, or any article not convenient to be procured in city or town where you reside. Send for catalogue, which will contain particulars. Address DAVIS & CO., Purchasing Agents, 229-500, 404 Vine Street, Philadelphia.

A GOOD BOOK FREE—One of the most interesting and spicy Books ever published, containing 64 pages of excellent reading matter, will be sent FREE to any address, on application to box 3263, Boston Post Office. This is no advertisement of a patent medicine or other humbug. All you have to do is to send your address as above, and you will receive by return of mail, without expense, a handsome and well-printed book, which will both amuse and instruct you. 0000

GEORGE B. SLOAT & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

The Elliptic Lock Stitch and Improved Shuttle SEWING MACHINES!

The simplest and best ever constructed!
Free from leather pads and complication!
Reliable upon all manner of fabrics!
Warranted to Satisfy Purchaser!!!

THE PET OF ALL CREATION.

1026 Chestnut Street,

Factory, Nos. 1123, 1125, 1127, 1128, 1129 and 1130 Beach Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 242



We assert, and any one can test the matter, that our OLD HOLLAND GIN,

bottled by us, especially for medicinal and family use, is far superior, in every respect, to any other Gin ever before offered to the public. One trial will convince you that old and pure liquor can still be procured. GREENE & GLADDING, No. 82 Cortlandt St., New York, Sole Importers. To be had of the principal Druggists, by the case or bottle, throughout the States and Canada. 242-540

Sporting in the Country.

GENTLEMEN SPENDING THE SUMMER IN THE COUNTRY

Can while away many a pleasant hour by taking with them a

MAYNARD RIFLE AND SHOT GUN,

which can be packed in a twenty-inch valise, weighs only six pounds, is fired with metal cartridges, and consequently there is no dirt from loading or firing, and shoots with incredible force; or a set of

CRICKET IMPLEMENTS,

put up in a compact form; or

BASE BALLS AND CLUBS.

Fireworks,

of the best makers, at retail, by

W. J. SYMS & BRO.,

239-51

200 Broadway

A. LANGE,

PICTURE AND LOOKING-GLASS FRAMES

AND

CORNICES FOR ROOMS,

MADE TO ORDER, AND RE-GILDING DONE.

206 William St., cor. Frankfort, New York.

COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE AND GYMNASIUM,

YONKERS, N. Y.

Summer Session commenced on the 2d day of May

TERMS:

Board and Tuition.....\$150 per Session.

For Circulars and particular information, apply to M. N. WISEWELL, Principal, Yonkers, 1860. 000

BOAR'S HEAD SIX CORD SPOOL COTTON.



Superior to any ever imported in Strength, Smoothness and Elasticity, for MACHINE OR HAND SEWING.

Warranted 200 Yards. Certificates from some of the best judges in the United States.

"We have tried Evans & Co's Boar's Head Sewing Machine Cottons, and find them excellent."

"WHEELER & WILSON MFG CO., 605 Broadway."

C. CARVILLE, Sole Agent 186 Fulton street. Retail J. DALRYMPLE, 141 Broadway 000

Bogle's Hair Dye and Wigs



ARE unsurpassed and unapproachable in their superior merits. Both are perfect. Try the one, see the other, and be convinced.

Price of Hair Dye 50 cts., \$1 and \$1.50. Private Rooms for Dyeing Hair and Stuing Wigs at BOGLE'S Hairwork Parfumeries and Toilet Bureau 202 Washington St., Boston.

Reader,

PERUSE the following statement and then judge of its facts for yourself:

Abram Cole, of Brooklyn, N. Y., a well-known citizen there, had suffered from Dyspepsia for some years, without permanent relief, until he tried AYER'S PILLS, which taken according to the directions for this complaint, restored him to health in a few weeks. After an interval of some months he has had no return of his complaint.

Geo. W. Cross, of Harmony, Texas, had an eruption on his neck, shoulders, back and legs, which covered about one third of his body. It kept the parts affected covered with a scab, and being often a raw sore was of course very troublesome and distressing. It so much impaired his health as to unfit him for business and kept him in constant suffering. All medical aid failed him until he took AYER'S COMPOUND EXTRACT SASSAPARILLA, which cured him. His skin still shows some scars from the ulceration, but it is otherwise as clear as an infant's.

John H. Shook, Esq., an eminent lawyer of Richmond, Va., took a cold which settled on his lungs. A severe pain set in on the left side, with a bad cough, which was soon followed by the unmistakable symptoms of consumption. When reduced very low he commenced taking AYER'S CHESTNUT PECTORAL, which soon stopped the cough and completely cured him.

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

DIRECT ROUTE

From New York to the White Mountains.

By Steamer, 120 Miles.....By Rail, 180 Miles.

ONLY ONE NIGHT'S TRAVEL.
With elegant state-room or cabin accommodation, on the magnificent steamers of the

NORWICH AND WORCESTER LINE,
Through Long Island Sound.

Passengers leave New York from Pier No. 2 North River (near the Battery),

EARLY AFTERNOON (SUNDAYS EXCEPTED), AT FIVE O'CLOCK, BY THE STEAMERS

C. VANDERBILT OR CONNECTICUT,

Which for Safety, Speed and Elegance are unsurpassed taking new, easy-riding and splendidly furnished sixteen-wheel cars at Allyn's Point, and reach Worcester early the next morning, having ample time for breakfast. Leave Worcester at 6.20 A. M.—dine at Wiers or Plymouth, and arrive at Franconia Notch, the White Mountain Notch or Conway the same afternoon by rock o'clock.

Through tickets for sale on board the Boats, or at the office, Pier No. 2, North River. For further information, or to secure staterooms in advance, address

210-47

E. S. MARTIN, Agent.

ORNE & CO.,

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS OF

FINE JEWELLERY,

Watches, Diamonds and Rich Fancy Goods,

No. 6 Fifth Avenue Hotel, Junction Fifth Av. and Broadway NEW YORK.

F. ORNE.

220-42

A. F. TITTE

Superior Pianofortes.

ERNEST GABLER, MANUFACTURER OF PIANOFORTES (with or without patent action), 129 East Twenty-second St., between Second and Third Avenues, New York. Dealers and others are respectfully invited to call and examine my very superior instruments, made with full iron frame, and warranted equal to any in the market for strength and beauty of finish, sweetness and power of tone. My instruments are guaranteed for three years, and dealers will save thirty per cent.

274

129 East Twenty-second Street, New York.

THE ELECTROTYPING OF LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is done by FILMED & CO., 17 NASSAU ST.